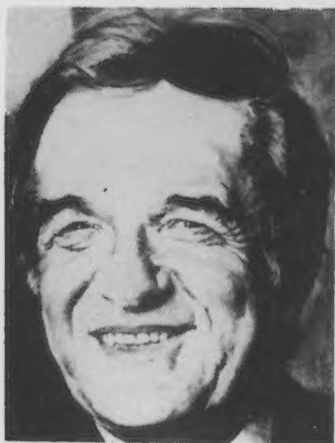
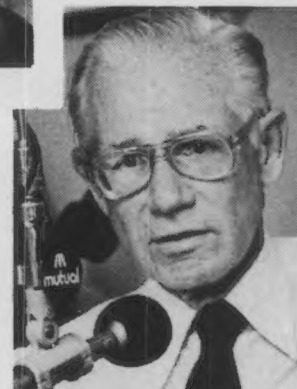
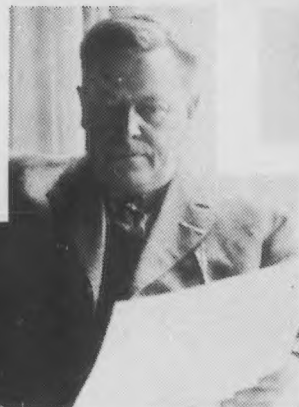
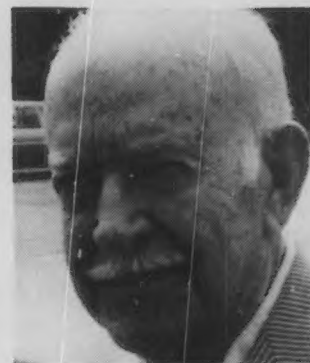


CARTOONIST Profiles

IN THIS ISSUE:

Henry Boltinoff
Gordon Campbell
John Canemaker
Al Capp
Cartoon Museum
Jerry DeFuccio
Tony Di Preta
Bill Gallo
Johnny Hart
David Hilberman
Bil Keane
I. Klein
Harry Love
Ranan Lurie
Duncan Macpherson
Grim Natwick
Charles Schulz
Raeburn Van Buren
Mort Walker
Zim



MEET AMERICA'S YOUNGEST SYNDICATED CARTOONIST!

Meet Ray Billingsley, 23-year-old creator of "Lookin' Fine."

Less than a year ago Ray submitted his strip to United Feature Syndicate. We looked at it, we liked it, we worked with Ray on development, and now we're syndicating it all over America.

Who knows? Maybe in 1981 we'll syndicate your strip. But we won't know unless we see it.

SEND YOUR SUBMISSION TO:

Bobby Miller, Managing Editor, Comics
United Feature Syndicate
200 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10166



BLONDIE *by YOUNG* and *RAYMOND* **IS 50!** **BEETLE BAILEY** *by MORT WALKER* **IS 30!**



It's not easy to be so successful for so long. It's not easy to be funny day after day, year after year, decade after decade.

Blondie and Beetle Bailey have done it, though. Five decades for Blondie and three decades for Beetle and readers find them as fresh and funny as ever. That's why they are two of the world's most popular comics.

So here's to Blondie and Beetle! They both look better than ever. And here's to Dean Young and Jim Raymond and Mort Walker!



Bill Yates, Comics Editor

King Features Syndicate

235 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

HELLO! I'M EMMA RANDALL AND THIS
IS MY KID SISTER WINONA. WE'RE
THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN
DOUGLAS COFFIN'S

FLETCHER'S LANDING™

NEA'S NEW COMIC STRIP. DOUGLAS
SENT HIS STRIP INTO NEA COLD.
THE FOLKS THERE KNEW THEY
HAD A WINNER, AND NOW
FLETCHER'S LANDING IS A
BIG HIT EVERYWHERE.
WHO KNOWS? THE SAME
THING COULD HAPPEN
TO YOUR STRIP!



SEND YOUR SUBMISSION TO:

Bobby Miller, Managing Editor, Comics
Newspaper Enterprise Association
200 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10166



CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

DEC. 1980, NO. 48

Johnny Hart	10	Raeburn Van Buren	46	Gordon Campbell	74
David Hilberman	17	Cartoon Museum	52	Al Capp	79
Duncan Macpherson	22	Mort Walker	56	Bil Keane	84
Zim	28	Charles Schulz	60	Tony Di Preta	88
Grim Natwick	36	I. Klein	62	Jerry De Fuccio	88
Ranan Lurie	40	Bill Gallo	68	Harry Love	92
				Henry Boltinoff	95

GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION FOR CHRISTMAS!!



CARTOONIST PROfiles (ISSN 0008-7068) is published quarterly (March, June, September, December) by CARTOONIST PROfiles Inc. Subscriptions and correspondence pertaining to them should be addressed to P.O. Box 325, Fairfield, CT 06430. Editorial office of publication is located at 281 Bayberry Lane, Westport, CT 06880. Subscription rates: U.S. \$12 per year; Canada \$13; Foreign \$14. Library & School subscriptions: U.S. \$12.50; Canada \$13.50; Foreign \$14.50. Canadian & Foreign remittances should either be by Postal Money Order, or by checks in U.S. Funds drawn on U.S. banks. Copyright 1980 by CARTOONIST PROfiles Inc. Reproduction without written permission is prohibited. Advertising rates on request. Second-class postage paid at Westport CT 06880 and at additional mailing offices.

TRIVIA ★ TRIVIA ★ TRIVIA ★

TV

MOVIES

JOHN ASTOR'S THINK YOU KNOW T.V.?



1. WHAT WAS THE ORIGINAL NAME OF THE MILTON BERLE SHOW?
2. WHO PLAYED MILTON BERLE'S SECRETARY 'MAXINE'?
3. WHO PLAYED THE OLD-TIME 'PITCHMAN' ON THE MILTON BERLE SHOW?
4. WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE DETECTIVE SERIES THAT STARRED ACTOR JACK PALANCE?
5. WHO WAS THE HOST OF 'ZANE GREY THEATRE'?
6. WHAT WESTERN SERIES DID RONALD REAGAN HOST?
7. WHO PLAYED MURRAY THE COP ON 'THE ODD COUPLE'?

ANSWERS: (1) TEXACO STAR THEATRE (2) RUTH ALMOLINO (3) BRONK (4) DICK POWELL (5) AL MURRAY (6) LEATH VALLEY (7) SID STONE

JOHN ASTOR'S THINK YOU KNOW MOVIES?



1. EVERYONE REMEMBERS MARLON BRANDO'S PORTRAYAL OF 'THE GODFATHER'. WHAT WAS THE GODFATHER'S FULL NAME?
2. WHO PLAYED THE GODFATHER'S WIFE?
3. WHO PLAYED CONNIE, THE GODFATHER'S ONLY DAUGHTER?
4. THE 'GODFATHER' HAD THREE SONS. WHO PLAYED THEM?
5. WHAT WAS THE TITLE OF THE FILM BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE SINGING TRAPP FAMILY?
6. NAME THE FOUR STARS OF THE MOVIE 'BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE'.

ANSWERS: (1) VITO CORLEONE (2) MORGANA KING (3) TALIA SHIRE (4) PACINO, JAMES CAGNEY, NATALIE WOOD, ELLIOT GULD, AND DYAN CANNON (5) SOUND OF MUSIC (6) ROBERT AND JOHN CAZALE (S) THE BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE

COMPULOG™

TV Compulog Services Inc.
(The Largest Producers of TV Listings in the Country)

SPORTS

THINK YOU KNOW SPORTS?



1. WHO HOLDS THE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD FOR BEING HIT BY A PITCH THE MOST TIMES WHILE A ROOKIE?
2. WHO HOLDS THE AMERICAN LEAGUE RECORD FOR MOST RBIS IN A SEASON?
3. WHAT PLAYER APPEARED IN THE MOST WORLD SERIES?

ANSWERS: (1) FRANK ROBINSON, CINN. 1956 (20 TIMES) (2) LOU GEHRIG, 164 (1930) (3) YOGI BERRA

West Coast
210 North Pass
Burbank, Calif. 91505
(213) 843-3323

Nat'l. Sales Office
1640 New Hwy.
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735
(516) 752-9454

East Coast
2 Empire Blvd.
Moonachie, N.J. 07074
(201) 440-8400



Ranan R. Lurie is the world's most widely syndicated political cartoonist (*Guinness Book of Records*) for a reason—*he's good*.

Lurie's selection of nearly 1,000 of his cartoons and caricatures from the past decade are now handsomely presented in a deluxe album-size paperback—

Lurie's Worlds 1970-1980.

You will also read with interest Lurie's short essays on the independent cartoonist, Richard Nixon and the media, the unfunny event, Golda Meir, Henry Kissinger, Spiro Agnew, caricature, symbols for OPEC, Anwar Sadat, the international cartoon and cartoonist, games as metaphors, and the cartoon as an editorial.



Lurie's Worlds 1970-1980

\$14.95 at bookstores, or send \$16.25 (includes postage) to:

The University Press of Hawaii
2840 Kolowalu Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

CINEMATIC ANIMATION Starting in September

A NEW 3 YEAR COURSE IN CINEMATIC ANIMATION
...TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONALS FOR THE PROFESSIONAL OF TOMORROW.

How do I become a cartoonist?
What kind of paper, pens, brushes do I use?
Is there work available in the field?
What sort of profession is cartooning?

The answer to these questions and more ... are to be found at THE JOE KUBERT SCHOOL OF CARTOON AND GRAPHIC ART, INC. in a three year course approved and licensed by the N.J. Dept. of Education. It's the only school that offers specialized and extensive instruction in this rewarding and exciting American art form.

Enrollments are limited - fill out this coupon and mail today.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____
Res Phone () _____ Bus Phone () _____

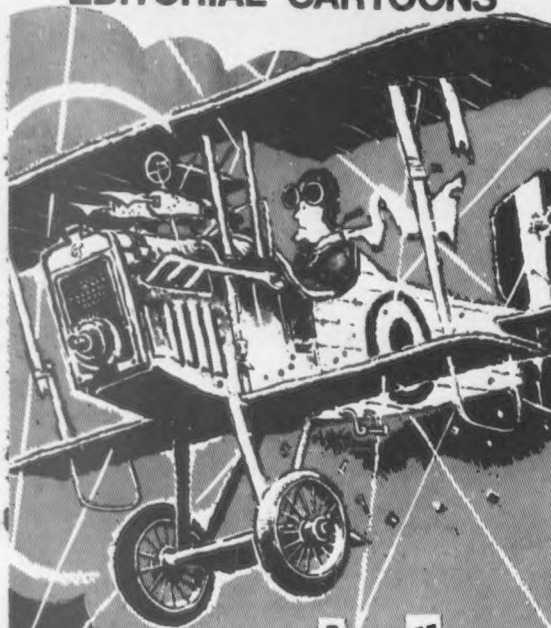
Please send me information on other courses offered:
☐ Cartoon Illustration ☐ Cinematic Animation
☐ Sat. A.M. Cartoon Sketch Class ☐ Graphic Arts

The Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Arts, Inc.
45 Lehigh Street • Dover, New Jersey 07801

THE JOE KUBERT SCHOOL OF CARTOON AND GRAPHIC ART, INC.
45 LEHIGH STREET
DOVER, NEW JERSEY 07801
(201) 361-1327

ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Founded by Joe Kubert, a well-known cartoonist for over 40 years; The Joe Kubert School boasts an impressive list of instructors currently employed in the field of Cartooning and Animation. The school is located on 6 acres of beautifully landscaped grounds in Dover, New Jersey, just 50 minutes by bus from New York.
Approved For Veterans • Approved For Foreign Students • Licensed By N.J. Dept of Education

A COLLECTION OF
Chicago Tribune
EDITORIAL CARTOONS



**DICK LOCHER
DRAWS FIRE**

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
DICK LOCHER DRAWS FIRE
TRIBUNE SERVICES, Room 570
CHICAGO TRIBUNE
435 North Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

\$3.95

calling all cartoon buffs!



Here's
your opportunity
to get information
about the most
up-to-date
correspondence
course in cartooning
available today.
Write for FREE
information and
brochures NOW!

CARTOONERAMA
BOX 263-CP7 BRANFORD, CONN. • 06405

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN
SCHOOL OF ART**
Specialists in Figure Anatomy
Cartooning Second Year



COMMERCIAL AND FINE ART
Phil Steele, Director
Write: 1441 Ogden St., Denver, Colo. 80218

WANTED:
New or used 'Lucy' or 'Art-o-Graph'
projector. Must be in working order.
Write Box D, Cartoonist Profiles.

Doonesbury Originals

Will trade negotiable number of Doonesbury originals, your choice, for any pre-1970 Pogo original, daily or Sunday, or any 1930 Blondie, daily or Sunday.



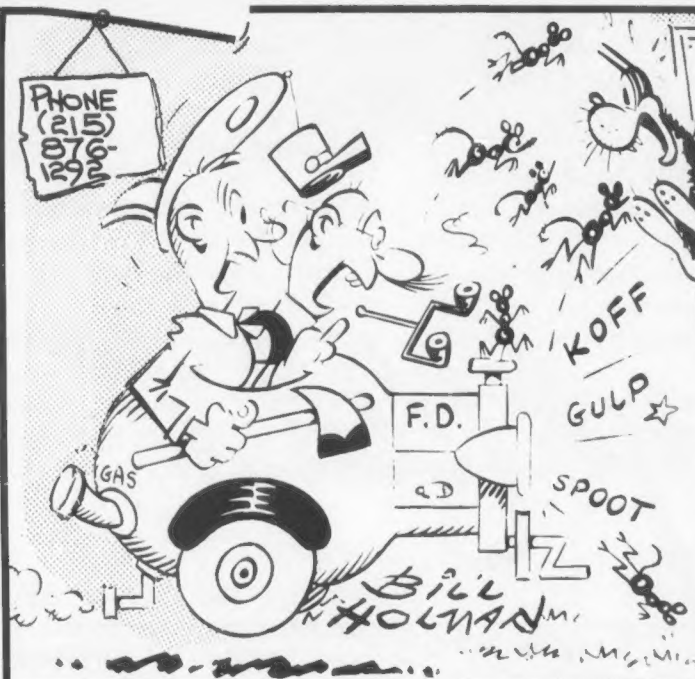
G.B. Trudeau

Write:
G.B. Trudeau
27 E. 65th Street
New York, NY 10021

NEW FILMS BY JOHN CANEMAKER

Remembering Winsor McCay
Otto Messmer and Felix The Cat
Confessions of a Stardreamer
Street Freaks
The 40's

Available from:
Phoenix Films Inc.
470 Park Ave. S.
New York, N.Y. 10016
Phone: (212) 684-5910



For the
Collector of
**Fine
Original
COMIC AND
CARTOON ART**

**CARTOON
CARNIVAL**

WE have a VAST inventory of specially selected comic art plus newspaper daily and Sunday strips!

— SERVING FANDOM AND COLLECTORS SINCE 1974 - Stu Reisbord, Owner —

Send \$1.00 for our illustrated catalog listing 100's of art buys!

THE CARTOON CARNIVAL

408 BICKMORE DRIVE - WALLINGFORD, PA., 19086 (215) 876-1292



Photo by Perri Hart

Johnny Hart

This past September we had the pleasure of spending some time with JOHNNY HART, the famed creator of B.C. and THE WIZARD OF ID, at his home in Nineveh, New York, and the following is the first part of a long and very interesting conversation we had on that occasion. Because of the fact that he is one of that small, and very select group of cartoonists who have been the very most successful in our profession, we wanted him to tell our readers how he did it. We think this first installment will shed a lot of light on that question.

Hurd: Would you say something, John, about the live-action movie, 'The Wizard of Id', that's in the works these days?

Hart: It's being done by 'Tugboat Productions' which is Paul Williams' organization. Paul is the songwriter-singer, today's Cole Porter. I wanted

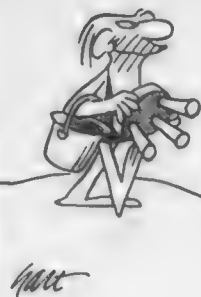
him for the part of the little King because he's a really fine comic actor and because of his short stature. 'Tugboat', along with Ray Stark, probably one of the greatest producers in Hollywood, and Paramount Studios — all are looking forward, hopefully, to a release in the summer of 1981. To begin with we wrote a first draft of a screenplay, 'we' meaning Paul and I, and Jack Caprio and Dick Boland who, as you know, regularly work with me.

Originally some guys from Paramount were very interested and wanted

B.C.

B.C. & The Wizard of Id are distributed
by the Field Newspaper Syndicate.

by johnny hart



to offer us an incredible amount of money to do the film but they didn't want Paul to be the King. Following this we talked to Universal Studios about the project, they decided to do it, and then Paramount, minus the two guys who didn't want Paul, came back with a better deal including him, so we wound up going with Paramount after all. The original outline screenplay we overwrote — almost right down to giving stage directions — and just a couple of days ago Jack and Dick and I completed a second draft. We plugged-up all the little holes in the first version, where we needed transitions and tie-ins and filled those in. We have complete freedom as to subject matter, we have a very involved story and what we're trying to do is to include all of the characters. All we've got to do is find a castle somewhere. The people out in Hollywood are tremendously excited about the picture and it's really a 'go' situation. Hopefully, in addition to Paul Williams, we'll use well-recognized actors, but no big boxoffice names. Everybody feels that the real star will be the title of the picture — in other words. The producers made a practically unheard-of decision by giving Paul and Caprio and Boland and I the go-ahead to write the

screenplay, rather than buying the rights from me and then hiring their own writers to do my stuff! This development was mainly due to Paul who went into a meeting with the producers, called himself my alter-ego, put on a show for them, going through the script and showing them how it's going to look, and he really captivated them. At this point it looks as though I'll be a consultant on the production, may have a part in the editing and a major say in the casting. All of these items are allowed me but there won't be any demands on my time saying that I have to appear out there. But, if I want to, of course, I could go out and sit on the set every day. Paul will naturally be my man on the scene and can check everything out. If anyone starts to deviate from the script, in other words, he'll be able to step in on my behalf and straighten things out.

Hurd: Considering the various strips produced by cartoonists and writers who've long been associated with you, readers may wonder who does what. Would you enlighten us about this, John?

Hart: 'B.C.' is an effort which is done by myself and Jack Caprio. 'The Wizard of Id' is written by me, Jack, and Dick

(Curly) Boland and drawn by Brant Parker. Brant doesn't contribute to the writing. 'Crock' is a Brant Parker creation which I don't have anything to do with — that's Parker, Don Wilder and Bill Rechin. And sometime ago Brant sold his interest in 'Crock' to Wilder and Rechin. Now 'Goosemyer' is an affiliation between Brant and Don Wilder — with Wilder doing the writing and Brant the drawing. I do the drawing on 'B.C.', with Jack helping me on things like lettering, and on occasion I'll pencil the strip and he'll ink it.

Hurd: Back in June 1975, in Issue '26 of CARTOONIST PROfiles, you said a lot about how you and Jack and Dick come up with ideas for 'B.C.' and 'The Wizard of Id', so we won't go over all that again. But here's something all cartoonists would like to know: What do you think have been the factors that have made you one of the very most successful cartoonists ever — with the word 'genius' having often been mentioned. And I'm not flattering you when I say that. Was it your 'genes', or extra hard work, or what?

Hart: You said you weren't flattering me but it sounds like the biggest buttering-up job I've heard in a long time. But seriously, you've told me in the past that

B.C.

by johnny hart





I'm sort of a soul-searching kind of guy and I do look back and try to figure out why I am where I am, or am as successful as I have been.

Hurd: I want to inject the comment here, for the benefit of our readers, that it was I who tried to get you to analyze your cartooning success and not you who started the subject.

Hart: I do know one thing — when I look back — that one way or another I intended to be successful. I think this feeling started when I got out of the service, and decided that I didn't know how to do anything but draw. I had a pretty good sense of humor and I studied other cartoonists because of my fascination with the magazine cartoon. And of course my friend, Brant, just happened to pop into my life somehow, by marrying a girl who lived in my hometown. As you recall, he judged a high school art show and liked my work which was terrible. But he saw something in it. Brant is a great analyst of talent, a very unusual man who can see deep beneath the surface. Obviously he can, or he wouldn't have picked me out. He made it a point to meet me, and talk with me, and then we became good friends. The drawings of mine in the art contest weren't cartoons, but Brant looks carefully at drawings, how lines

get down on paper, and he seems to be able to tell whether a person has it, or doesn't have it. He notices the technique, or an underlying potential of technique, and probably analyzes drawings in the same way handwriting experts analyze handwriting. In my case he may have said to himself, "This guy has that innate talent or instinct and doesn't even know it." In any event, for whatever reason, whether it be fate or whatever, why did Brant come to Endicott, why did he pick me out, why did he sit me down for a single evening, turn my whole life around, and make me want to become a magazine cartoonist? He convinced me in one evening that I should become one. There's an unexplainable magic thing that happens between Brant and me which developed, I think, the first time we ever met. For whatever reason, Brant thinks that everything I say is funny — and I know it's not that funny because I say the same things to a lot of other people without their breaking up, but he has the kind of laugh that turns me on and I actually start saying funny things. I become like a standup comic and do this to him all the time on the phone. I spend one minute on the phone saying something and four minutes waiting for him to stop laughing.

I remember one night when we were down at the studio when I started doing 'bits', he started laughing and suddenly things that normally don't come into my mind made me sound like Don Rickles doing a standup bit. Normally I'm a slow talker but suddenly I was spouting all this crazy stuff — I didn't even realize how funny it was when I was saying it. Brant got to laughing so hard that he lost his breath and started whimpering and making funny little sounds. He was sitting on a set of steps that led down to a little landing by the back door, and he got laughing so hard that he slid all the way down the steps and was lying on his back on the landing in complete hysterics. Well this is the kind of rapport we've always had. I remember the things he told me that first night, back around 1950 when I was 19, that decided me that I should become a magazine cartoonist. My favorite cartoonist in the whole world was Virgil Partch who was the hottest thing in magazine cartooning at the time. So Brant, in an effort to sway me to become a magazine cartoonist, having found that I liked Partch, sat me down and started drawing. He started analyzing Partch's cartoons, his thick and thin lines, and so on. Brant said, "You notice that the back of the arm is an L-shape, the inside of the arm is a 'C'";



Photo by Jud Hurd



that he often opposes two straight lines with a circular line, and he can draw the entire character with a single, unbroken line. Can you imagine how I felt at that point? I'm 19 years old listening to this inside stuff about my cartooning hero. I'm talking with Brant Parker, a guy who's been working with Walt Disney for years, and who worked with Virgil Partch at Disney's, and I knew then that there was just no other way I could go in life than to become a magazine cartoonist. Another thing Brant told me that night: "Whenever you draw anything, always make it 'cartoony'." He gave me two important words — make it 'simple' and make it 'cartoony'.

The next step along the way for me was a total fascination with Dick

Cavalli's work. He drew every character with a dead-pan expression, saying all these terribly funny things. His people were always stiff-backed, with their noses straight out, eyes half-closed, making incredibly funny remarks. Everything Cavalli did would just lay me out so I began to copy him. Then I discovered John Gallagher with his crazy looking people and animals, a cartoonist with an unbelievable sense of humor. So you see I learned this kind of a style of humor that all the cartoonists at that time were using, selecting the ones as models that I thought were the funniest. I copied them and after a while my own style began to evolve out of all this. I copied the special elements in the work of these cartoonists that appealed

to me.

Hurd: I think you've said that you might have been an actor if things had worked out differently.

Hart: I actually had a couple of avenues to go — I might have been a comedian or an actor. Drawing came very easy to me. Movies were a big, big thing in my life, and probably, if I'd had my preference, I would like to have been an actor or a comedian. I enjoyed standing up in front of audiences when I was younger and I did my share of that. In high school Jack and I used to sing together on stage and do comic bits. When I went into the service, we got together a group of people for a jazz group . . . I wrote parodies . . . I got with a bunch of guys who were good dancers

B.C.



© Field Enterprises, Inc. 1979



by johnny hart



... they taught me to do the softshoe ... I used to write and arrange all these comic bits and eventually we went to Korea and formed an entertainment group which toured Korea entertaining troops from all branches of the service. And back in Georgia, at the NCO Club, I had performed with Chuck Mantelli who taught me photography incidentally. Chuck, who became one of my great buddies, went on to become the first photographer ever to become a 3-time winner of the Eastman Trophy. Ironically, my youngest daughter has just graduated from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and is a photographer herself. By the way it's funny how you're making me think of all these things.

Hurd: Which have you found it easier to do, John ... sitting alone doing gags or being with someone else and bouncing gags back and forth?

Hart: Originally I worked alone of course, and I discovered that I was capable of producing pretty good stuff. I like to work alone, where there isn't anyone else around — I work really good that way. Years ago I found a method of thinking of gags that's ruined my life in a way — and that's to let my mind wander. You start off, for instance, thinking of a guy on a desert island and you wind up with somebody trying to make a broad in a penthouse. The

mental process just drifts from one thing to another ... a bottle floats up on the shore of this desert island ... nothing seems to come to your mind with that ... there's a note in the bottle from an extortionist ... or the bottle becomes a bottle in somebody's penthouse with this guy trying to make out with a broad ... things just keep 'snowballing'. As you know I'm fascinated with words and I wonder just how this term 'snowballing', which is used by a lot of gag men, got started. I suppose some gagman dropped a snowball at the top of a hill, watched it start rolling down the hill and continuing to build and build, and decided that this was similar to the way he and another cartoonist were building their gags.

You enjoy the creativity of your own mind and with your mental rambling being able to make something out of essentially nothing. You just go from one thing to another, and I found out rather early that if you stop somewhere along the line, being fascinated by one thought and spending twenty minutes trying to get a gag out of it, you've defeated yourself. But as long as your mind keeps rolling along, something will hit, and from somewhere — maybe out of the ether — BANG! ... a tag line comes in! It's almost like God sent down, "Here's a tag line for you —

ZOT!" You write this down and while you're writing, your mind is wandering off somewhere else. In my case I actually trained myself to make my mind wander. Now that's fine when you're working alone, but when you're out amongst a bunch of people, and somebody's talking to you, it can be embarrassing. Maybe they say a word to you and it triggers a thought, and your mind starts working in all directions. Suddenly the guy finishes what he's been talking to you about and he says, "What do you think? Does that make any sense to you?" You wake up with, "Oh, yeah!" But you're back on the desert island and he just told you how to make some money on the stock market! Some cartoonists like to lie down quietly somewhere when they're trying to think up ideas but when I'm up against a deadline, pacing back and forth seems to speed up this mental rambling process for me.

Hurd: You've often mentioned that you're fascinated with words, haven't you?

Hart: I like words to have meter, for them to be poetic, to be simplistic, I like to put the most important thing I can say in the fewest possible words. I haven't got a very good vocabulary so I have to work very hard at this. If I can say a funny line in four words, that a



B.C.



© PHIL BENTON/PHIL INC. 679 4-16



by johnny hart

B.C.



by johnny hart

B.C.



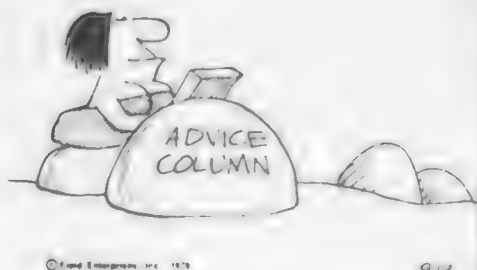
by johnny hart

THE WIZARD OF ID



by Brant parker and Johnny hart

dear Fat Broad,



my husband insists on sleeping with the window open and I like it closed.
How can we compromise?



STICK HIS HEAD OUT THE WINDOW, THEN CLOSE IT.



normal person would take 27 words to express, I've accomplished my purpose. I'm shooting for this shorter line, which will quite possibly be funnier than the longer version, and easier for the reader to pick up. Simplicity is the name of the game.

Hurd: I remember that Brant Parker told you to always make your drawings 'Cartoony'.

Hart: He said, "If you want to draw a house, you don't make it like a real house — your cartoon house is very tall, has a big, peaked roof, with a door, a window, and a big tall, funny-looking, skinny chimney. "You need only to look at anything Brant Parker draws to realize what 'cartoony' means. In my estimation, he's the absolute master of this kind of drawing. I don't think anybody tops him — and I'm not saying this because he and I are friends. I think that all young cartoonists who want to learn how to draw should look to 'The Wizard' or 'Goosemyer' as examples of how to do it. I give him incredible things to draw — such as a blacksmith in his shop — and he groans since drawing blacksmiths is one of his pet peeves

but there isn't another cartoonist in the world who, with just a few little items, can get across the idea of such a shop better than Brant does. He gets tremendous mood in the drawing — you know just what kind of a place it is — and he's accomplished it with great simplicity.

As I've said, 'cartoony' and 'simplicity' became very important words to me, and I extended them into every phase of what I do — such as words. I love words and even wanted to be a poet. I don't like to bore people with a lot of words, or a lot of lines in my drawings. I like to say something clever, and *funny*. If I had my way, every strip I ever did would produce a reaction like this: On a given evening I could say to myself, "Right now there are so-many million people lying down on their living room floors, gripping their sides with hysterical laughter, because they have just read the strip!" I like to hear people laugh.

Hurd: With your various projects underway — such as 'The Wizard' live-action movie, an animation special to be produced in Canada, the building of

your new studio, and so on — what's your schedule like, John?

Hart: I always considered it a curse that I have always been totally *unscheduled*. I don't think that you could pick out two days in my life during which I have done the same thing at the same time on both days. As a matter of fact, I think I fight it. I wander around aimlessly, doing whatever I need to do at the moment. I admire schedule people, such as you or Jack Caprio, wish I were more like you both, and I suppose you wish you were more like I am. There's frustration in all of us. Take Jack, for instance: I could clock his arrival at the studio every morning — he'd hang up his hat and coat first of all. Then maybe there'd be some glasses in the sink — he'd wash out all the glasses, put all the stuff up in the cupboard, go up the steps, go into his room, check out his desk, and so on. This would be part of his routine every day. Then take my case: I may come in at 8 o'clock or 2:30 in the afternoon. I have no idea when I'm going to show up — I may have been up all night watching a movie or reading a book.

To be continued in next issue of
CARTOONIST Profiles.





DAVID HILBERMAN

by
John Canemaker

On May 29, 1941 about 300 employees of the Walt Disney studio went on strike over wages, working conditions, job security and union representation. By the end of the summer, the acrimonious strike was settled, but the future of the Disney studio, as well as cartoon animation in general, was profoundly altered.

Walt Disney's point of view on the infamous strike is well documented in two biographies (*Walt Disney — An American Original* by Bob Thomas (Simon & Schuster 1976); *The Story of Walt Disney* by Diane Disney Miller (Holt 1957) and in the transcript of his testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee in Hollywood on October 24, 1947.

Less accessible to the public are the opinions of another witness to the extraordinary Disney strike/UPA-formation period: David Hilberman, formerly a top Disney "layout" artist who (along with animator Art Babbitt) is considered one of the leaders and

organizers of the strike. Hilberman was also one of the three founders of UPA, the studio that heralded a significant change in the look and content of studio animation and superseded Disney's leadership in the field.

In 1979 I visited Hilberman at his home in northern California where he freelances for Hanna-Barbera. ("Eight shows a week! More than Disney turned out in a year," he commented in a recent letter.) At age 68 Hilberman proved to be an articulate and thoughtful source of information on animation history, and it is hoped the following brief excerpts from our lengthy interview will prove informative to the reader.

Originally from Cleveland, David Hilberman joined the Disney studio in 1936, one of about forty young artists recruited from a national Disney talent search. His starting trainee salary — \$20 with a guarantee of \$75 at the end of three years — was "a shocker." But after a year and a half Hilberman had advanced from inbetweeners to layout



JOHN CANEMAKER, filmmaker, animator, author, lecturer and teacher.



U. P. A. founders discuss a storyboard for "Sparks and Chips" slide show. Zack Schwartz (seated with back to camera), L: David Hilberman, and R: Steve Bosustow, Photo ©1943.

man earning \$90 per week working on the Silly Symphonies shorts *Farmyard Symphony* (1938) and *The Ugly Duckling* (1939), for example, and Mickey Mouse/Donald Duck shorts, such as *Beach Picnic* (1939). Hilberman was the first production layout man to go on the *Bambi* unit; his definition of a layout man's duties at Disney is succinct: "To get the story points set up as sharply as possible and to dramatize with camera angles and choice of long-shot, close-up and so on, the flow of the story. You were really the director's arm on the visualization of the film."

All in all, Hilberman claims he had "no complaints" with the studio until "the 1940 period." Discontent grew out of "economic causes," he said. "So long as Disney had the world market building steadily he could continue to expand

and pay salaries that were on the whole better than those paid by other studios. He could reward with bonuses people who did outstanding work and so on. But when Hitler invaded Poland, war broke out in Europe and the world market suddenly shrank. The economic squeeze on the studio was very real. First the raises stopped coming through. I was called into the office and told 'Dave, we know that you're a \$125 a week man, but we just can't pay it.'"

There was also a question of job security; Hilberman cites the case of his friend and fellow layout man Zack Schwartz who had done preliminary work on *Bambi* before the film went into full production. "Zack was going to be laid off. I had six neophytes working under me and I said to Jim Algar (a *Bambi* sequence director), 'If we get

Zack in here he and I could handle the stuff the other fellows are doing and it'll cost the unit less.' The powers that be wouldn't hear of it. There was a situation where, having satisfied the director with the quality of your work, having Jim and I pitching for you, it still didn't count. Which meant that you had absolutely no job security. This created a real uncertainty and a fear among the people.

"I was doing beautifully. I had no quarrel with the studio other than being very upset about Zack's situation. I was asked about organizing a union because I'd been a spokesman for that group of 40 when it came to talking with Roy Disney. I was not at all sure at that time that the Disney artists wanted to unionize." Many of them did and the events and personalities involved in the

eventual unionization of the studio are too Byzantine to be properly recounted here.

Hilberman agrees the strike proved "a very emotional, traumatic experience for Walt." Six years after the strike was settled, Disney poured out his animosity toward Hilberman by singling him out in testimony before the HUAC. Hilberman, Disney claimed, was "the real brains of this and I believe he is a Communist . . . I looked into his record and I found that, number one, he had no religion, and number two, that he had spent considerable time at the Moscow Art Theatre studying art direction, or something."

Hilberman states that "up to the war, for about three years, I was a Communist. Once the war came along everybody plunged into the war effort, everybody's on the same side, and I of course went into the Service. The strike itself was not Communist-led. I was floored when some obviously Communist-inspired material was put up on the bulletin board." In 1932, when he

was 21, Hilberman had traveled to Russia on a seven-day tour with Cleveland friends who belonged to the John Reed Club, a group of "left-wing artists, writers, musicians, part of the anti-Fascist movement then." Hilberman extended his stay to six months by working backstage evenings at the Leningrad State People's Theatre, while attending day classes in the Leningrad Academy of Fine Art. Ironically, this Russian adventure — which Disney emphasized so negatively in his HUAC testimony as "proof" that Hilberman had "Communist training in labor agitation" — was considered an artistic plus by the Disney publicity department when Hilberman first joined the studio.

"There is the impression," noted Hilberman, "that part of the strike at Disney was because people were unhappy about the (film's) design. That's a lot of crap. The change from the, quote, Disney classic animation came over a period of about two or three years. Early on Chuck Jones at Warners experimented. He had a fella named McGrath

who was quite a design man and he had experimented with some design in *The Dover Boys* (1942). Bobe Cannon was involved (as animator) and beginning to reach out for animation style. Screen Gems under Frank Tashlin after the strike brought in as many of the top strike people as possible. So you had those early design ideas happening before UPA came into being. It was simply that you had designers who had art training who were beginning to push out and feel their oats. People who know who Picasso was and could recognize a Matisse across the room. And here they were at Disney, Warners, working with this really corny, cute stuff. They were ready. UPA was the first studio that was run by design people, and we were talking to an adult audience, to our peers. Not the family audience, not the kiddies. So given that the design just came out. The limited animation grew out of our need to economize on budget. Also, the two-dimensional characters we were designing didn't lend themselves to a fully



1941 Photo: Standing L. to R.: George Bodle, Herb Sorrell, Fred Thompson, Bill Tytla, Unidentified. Kneeling L. to R.: David Hilberman, Art Babbitt.



Strike kitchen on knoll overlooking Disney Studio.

Labor was donated by the Cooks & Caterers Union, and the kitchen was run by the Women's Auxiliary headed by Dave's wife, Libbie.

acted-out Disney emotion. We didn't have that kind of story and there wasn't demand for the personality actor or animation."

Hilberman relates the origins of UPA as follows: "After the strike I went to the Art Center and studied art for a while. The war came along and I was working on a puppet venture that John Sutherland was putting together. I went to Warners for a year, then went into war work. While working at Graphic Films, Les Novros' outfit, on war training films, Steve Bosustow came in one day." Bosustow was a Disney strike alumnus working at Hughes Aircraft Company. "He had promoted the idea of making a film strip to the Hughes Safety Director, which they then felt they could sell all over the country because there was such a need for it. Les Novros turned it down. They weren't interested in getting involved in any speculative field. I told Steve to come over to where Zack Schwartz and I had rented space in the Otto K. Olsen Building in Hollywood as a studio — some place we could paint and study, have a studio of our own to work in away from the animation shops. Steve came up and we decided we would go ahead and make the film. That's how UPA got started.

"We made this *Sparks and Chips* film strip. We did a film on point rationing for the government which Chuck Jones directed at Warners. People worked evenings and turned that film out; Leon Schlesinger made the facilities available. Then the United Auto Workers came to the cartoonists union with a film they wanted to do on the Roosevelt election: *Hell Bent for Election* (completed in 1943). Schlesinger felt it was political and didn't want to get the Warners studio involved in it. Meanwhile, we had been struggling along at our Otto K. Olsen Building studios (as Industrial Films). I had experience doing theatrical posters so I was busy churning out safety posters for Hughes so we'd have enough money to pay the rent and buy materials we needed. When *Hell Bent* came along the U.A.W. asked if we could do it after Schlesinger turned it down. So we said we'd take it on and that's really when things started to happen. John Hubley had already worked up the storyboard so that was done. We got Chuck Jones to direct and we moonlighted on the thing. People were coming in nights. We took over two lofts at the Olsen Building. Steve scurried around and got the loan for the rental of the camera stand from Acme, the outfit that made Disney's cameras. We installed that with some moviolas

and with a whole bunch of people just working at odd hours got the picture out."

Hilberman was with UPA from its inception to 1946. "The story of *Brotherhood of Man* (finished in 1945) was completed while I was at the studio, then I was drafted into the Service. I was in the Army for just six months and they were finishing up the film when I came back to the studio. Zack and I left UPA together." By the end of 1946 Schwartz and Hilberman had sold their shares in UPA to Bosustow and had come to New York to set up a TV commercial animation studio called Tempo Productions, which within five years became the country's leading cartoon commercial studio.

In summing up, Hilberman concluded "The strike drew us together. Friendships formed had an opportunity to develop when former strikers were in the Service and we could offer 'moonlighting' extra money. That provided the opportunity to screen talents so that as the men left the service — John

Hubley, Bill Hurtz, Jules Engle, Herb Klynn, and others simply moved over to the studio in the Otto K. Olsen Building on Vine Street. That, the economic difficulties of Disney, the war, the role of the auto workers union in supporting film production, ditto the government orientation programs, provided the environment and the timing.

"I think UPA is important because it's an example of how a revolution in style and technology comes about not by a conscious decision of a few people getting together on a strike line and saying, 'By God, when this is over we're going to set up a studio that is going to do something different.' I don't believe that anybody said, 'Jesus, let's not do anything like Disney. Let's make this one different.' I think rather you had individual talents confronted with a problem or an idea who sought the best answer to it. It's a much more of a positive exploratory kind of thing, non-predictive. It happened, it evolved."

©John Canemaker 1980

Disney strike sympathizers picket an L.A. theater.





Duncan Macpherson

He told me he was the wrong Duncan Macpherson. He told me he wasn't Duncan Macpherson the cartoonist. He tried to tell me I had made a mistake.

I wasn't fooled. There were only two Duncan Macphersons in the Toronto directory, and the other number rang with no answer. It didn't matter; this had to be the one. The voice over the phone was a deep, resonant base — strident, intimidating and, I felt, tinged with the lilt of the practical joker. It fit the image I had constructed of the man. He was a giant, they said, with massive hands. He was not to be trifled with. His impulsiveness was legendary. Besides, he was by all accounts the best political cartoonist in Canada, among the best in the world; I could understand if he was sick to death of phone calls from journalists and groupies seeking to touch the hem of his robe.

I could understand it, but I wasn't going to be fooled by it. I went through the whole self-introduction — “an article for Cartoonist Profiles,” etc., etc. — gave him the whole spiel. Still, the son-of-a-gun wouldn't give up. He told me to try the Toronto Star. Finally, I thanked him, hung up. He'd beaten me — for the moment.

The Toronto Star is Canada's biggest paper. I didn't call them. Macpherson had retired from there last year, and I had visions of their hassling me to protect his privacy. Instead, I visited Macpherson's friend, cartoonist Ted Martin (creator of *Pavlov*, syndicated by Universal). Dunc, he told me, had moved from Toronto just last week, to Beaverton, a village some hours from the city. He wondered who it was I had spoken to on the phone. So did I. Two days later I drove out to Beaverton.

“Cartoonist Profiles? Hmmm. Could I see that copy for a minute? Oh, yeah. Hmmm, have to renew my subscription.” Macpherson's voice had a kind of squeak to it. It was several octaves higher than his imposter back in Toronto. It was welcoming. It certainly wasn't the voice of a Titan. I decided, in fact, that despite the man's size, this was the voice of an imp. His laugh, on the other hand — and it broke through unexpectedly and often — was thunderous, explosive. And the words expressed by this impish voice were strong, rooted in solid earth, blunt.

“Do I see myself as part of a continuum? No, there's no continuum in Canada. I started it. If they want to carry on, great. But I'm not taking responsibility or even any pride for starting anything here. I grant you, right now editorial cartooning in the

by Paul Pascal



Max Levine TORONTO STAR

Feb. 20/78

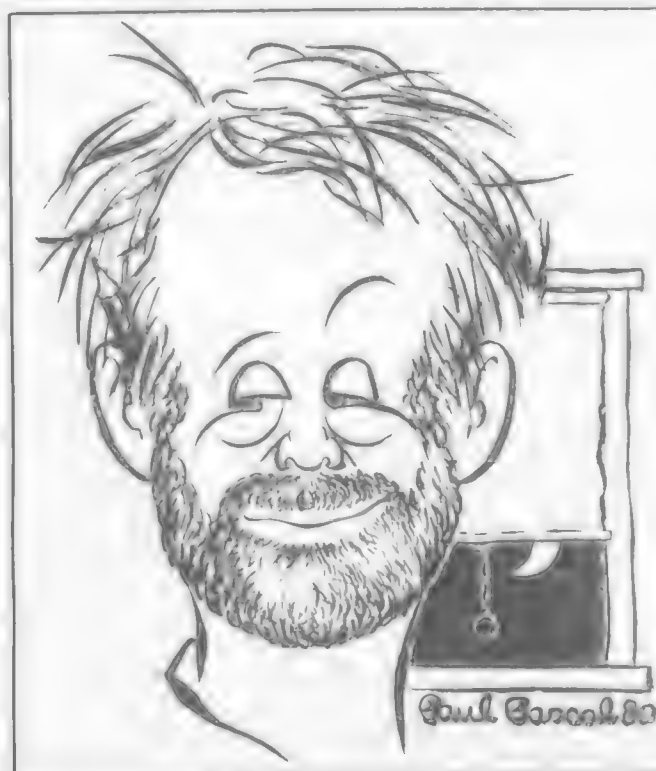
Canadian press is very healthy, and it didn't used to be. We have a nice bunch, a couple dozen professionals working independently, so to speak, setting their own terms and their own points of view. And they all have talent. This is all most unusual for this country. They used to ship the stuff up by the barrel-load from King Features and what-have-you. Aislin (a.k.a. Terry Mosher, editorial cartoonist, Montreal Gazette) calls me the Godfather of the current crop of Canadian cartoonists. That's all well and good, but it isn't fair really. It's just that the publishers here have realized the selling point, in circulation, to having a personal point of view, an

independent editorial cartoonist.

"The only thing different that I did was that I said I didn't want anybody helping me or injecting any ideas. I have to do it on my own, every day. I've told other Canadian cartoonists who've been interested — Aislin and (Roy) Peterson (Vancouver Times-Colonist) — I would tell them, really, you have to approach your editor and make sure you have complete freedom. And don't sit in on editorial conferences. In my twenty odd years working for the Star, I never actually joined the staff of the paper. If you enjoy drawing, if you enjoy the idea, you've got to do it on your own.

"As far as the editorial page editor

goes, over the past ten years I didn't see those guys. Oh, I'd see them in the hallway, I guess. For the first couple of years, I'd bring them in pencil roughs. But there was just too much discussion. If I had been talking to another artist, it'd be fine. But here I'm talking to a word-man, who wants to know what it 'means'. They can't read a rough. It isn't that they can't — they won't — because of their habits. The editor would check out the spelling in the cartoon, the cut-line. He doesn't check out the artwork — he doesn't have a clue. It's amusing, you know. And it baffles him if you bring in a cartoon without a word on it. Eventually you say, 'Well look at it for a



Paul Pascal is a teacher and cartoonist living in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. In addition to introducing school children to the world of creating and publishing their own cartoons and comic books, he himself has begun this year to publish his own cartoons in Canadian periodicals, and is also currently producing a strip, "McHellion" for an Ontario publication.

Pascal by Pascal



few seconds and it'll come to you.' But anyway they run the railway, and I was there as a mercenary. I did my job and they did theirs. If they didn't want to print it, that was their prerogative.

"And that's another thing. I only work for money. If the money's there, I'll do it; if it's not, I won't. I can price a job down to the nickel, by the way, whether it's a cartoon, a watercolour painting, or what-have-you. If someone wants a job for \$300, I'll give him a \$300 job. If he wants the same job, but for \$200, I'll give him a job worth \$200.

"Now don't blow this up to sound like I was out to skin the Star. The Star paid a good wage. But it was nowhere near

the value of the cartoon. Then again, who am I to gauge whether it sold papers or not? Course, they had their funny little phone polls to gauge these things, but they always ask the wrong people the wrong things."

By now my journalistic sixth sense grasped that this was no mere imp. Clever observation, clever. In point of fact, his style was sweeping and individualistic, as bold in his life and manner as in his drawing. He was, I discovered, the first Canadian cartoonist to hire an agent to negotiate salary with his editors. He also insisted on working at his own rate: not six cartoons a week, but four, with enviable

vacation breaks. In addition, he went on periodic sketching sorties for the paper, to various parts of the world — Cuba, Russia, China, the Ruby trial in Texas. (by some slip-up, the authorities were not expecting him at the Ruby trial; working by hand, he forged a press card and was admitted through the tight security.) The Star published the results of these excursions, and Macpherson has also published several books, of sketches, paintings, as well as cartoons.

Furthermore, he considers himself apolitical, and would take jabs at any political stripe he desired, without concern for the editorial position at the Star. "I am simply against the wrong-

ness in public life," he has said. And in all but a handful of cases, the Star has published everything he has submitted over the years.

Looking at Macpherson's career vis-a-vis his profession as a whole in Canada, he not only rocked the boat, he left the boat and got his own canoe. Many editorial cartoonists in Canada have been enjoying canoeing ever since.

"My level of reaction to an event is the beverage room table level. It's not a Walter Lippmann level. I react as the average tax-payer reacts, certainly.

Now, how I interpret it, though, is not beverage room level. That's when you start using skills. You're a professional, for God's sakes, and you have use of a library card and everything you've learned, and you start opening and shutting doors, going through cupboards, going through books. It's not just 'bang' — an idea. You investigate that corner, and maybe dismiss it, then you go on to something else. Oddly enough, in this sort of a search, other things start suggesting themselves.

"When I was first hired through

Pierre Berton at the Star, I said to him, 'If you offered me this job when I was in the air force, I'd have taken it then gladly, because I had plenty of beefs, every day.' I was assuming it was a vehicle for a person who had an awful lot on his mind that he wanted to unload. I found out differently. Your first rush of emotion on an issue is the direction you're going to take — there's no doubt about that. But after that, the only personal machinery that should be involved is your critical machinery, not what you want to get across as a





personal shout.

"It's interesting — I draw as I think, and as I go back through the pencil drawings I find that I may have started with something, but by the time I'm finished with the thought process I've got something completely different. Then when I start working on the finished drawing, again starting first in pencil, I'm editing when I'm doing that. Now, when I get into the brush and ink I start to edit again. In most cases this last one is strictly for design.

"Speaking of design, my use of white space in a cartoon isn't so much for the sake of design as it is a short-cut. You want the importance of characters and quickness of recognition to come across, so you try to isolate them. But there are no hard rules; this is just one way. You leave out distractions. If the forms are

doing something themselves, don't put in horizon lines, don't put in *anything*. As a matter of fact, you should be taking things out. And other times you make it as busy as hell and see if they can identify the thing you're focussing on. Course, they might scan across and see nothing.

"That has happened to me, more than once. After Khrushchev was thrown out of office, I drew the May Day parade in Moscow, with the crowd, the military show, the fellows up in the Kremlin in the distance — a hell of a lot of drawing with all the different types in the crowd, and I drew Khrushchev in the middle foreground, identifiable to me and hopefully to other people just by the back of his neck and head — but otherwise just part of the crowd. I drew attention to that spot by use of

perspective. There were no words to the cartoon. And I thought, 'That is a fairly good job; that's what I want to get across.' I didn't realize that people would look at it and say, 'What the hell is *that*?'

"Well, Peterson saw it and knew it right away. Unfortunately, the general public didn't. It was correctly done — I'll still stand by it — it's just that they didn't recognize the back of Khrushchev's head. Course, it's my job to recognize the back of Khrushchev's head, it's a cartoonist's job, not the public's. But as far as I was concerned, I was spelling it out the way I wanted to spell it out and that's it.

To be continued in next issue of
CARTOONIST PROFILES.



A unique event of great interest and importance for all who are excited by the fascinating lore of cartooning occurred earlier this year in the town of Horseheads, New York.

The home of one of the giants of cartooning, the famous EUGENE ZIMMERMAN, whose signature, ZIM, appeared on countless full-color covers, and double-page cartoon spreads depicting the foibles of all of the turn-of-the-century politicians, in the top satirical publication JUDGE, was willed to the Horseheads Historical Society by his daughter, Laura, who died at the age of 92.

permit qualified researchers, by special appointment, to spend time at the Zim home. The exact date when this privilege will begin hasn't been determined but it's a day worth waiting for!

During many of the years between 1885 and 1912, when Zim's work appeared constantly in the prestigious Judge Magazine, he commuted to New York City from Horseheads, which is about 20 miles south of the Finger Lakes District and Cornell University. Finally, however, he decided that he liked the fields and streams and small-town life of Horseheads better than the rush of Manhattan, so from then on he spent

was discovered that Zim had written his autobiography in a very lively and amusing style, and that it has never been published — until now. Through the generous permission of the Horseheads Historical Society, CARTOONIST PROFILES has been permitted to serialize Zim's exciting story which includes many comments on important figures of the time, as well as his own unique adventures. The first several chapters appear in this issue of our magazine.

Your editor would like to express his appreciation to the President of the Horseheads Historical Society, Leah Cramer, and to the following volunteers



This gift includes the house, with all its furnishings, maintained exactly as it was during his working years by his daughter who continued to live in it since Zim's death in 1935, as well as his correspondence, working papers, sketches, cartoons and a treasure trove of other mementos, including the Correspondence Course of Cartooning which he operated for a number of years.

The Board of Trustees of the Horseheads Historical Society, under the Presidency of Leah Cramer, has had many of the materials catalogued, and at the time of this writing plans are to

full-time in Horseheads. The Zim Center, which consists of several rooms at the Historical Society, exhibits many of the large (3 by 4 feet) posters in color which Zim did, featuring practically every prominent local resident, and countless civic events.

There wasn't a good cause or special occasion for which Zim didn't contribute cartoons and posters, at the same time he was illustrating books and magazines, and conducting his correspondence cartoon course. He was a universally beloved local citizen.

And as if all of this wasn't enough, it

at the Zim Center, and at the Zim home — Dorothy Charwat, Helen Shively, Eleanor Paddock, Ellen Martin and Mary Goldsberry — for their great help and friendliness during several visits he has made to Horseheads.

Further information may be obtained by phoning Leah Cramer, at (607) 739-3938. The address of the ZIM CENTER is Grand Central & Broad Streets, Horseheads, N.Y. 14845.

All material pertaining to Zim Autobiography © Horseheads Historical Society.

Exclusive

Zim Autobiography © Horseheads Historical Society

ZIM AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I

My only excuse for writing this book is a statement by Sienciewicz that it is every man's duty to leave behind him memoirs of his experiences, for the benefit of posterity. Since I have produced about 40,000 sketches, counting those I have destroyed as unworthy of publication, and have associated with men and events which loomed large in a half-century's history of caricature, it occurred to me that readers might be interested in a personally conducted tour of my cartoon foundry.

On the outskirts of Basel, Switzerland, just across the Alsatian border, the last rays of sunset were glinting on Alpine snows and the cheesemakers were wending their "whey" homeward. An Alsatian baker, Joseph Zimmerman by name, was indulging in an honest game of cards at a neighborly inn and was losing steadily when, much to his relief, a messenger suddenly broke up the game by announcing that I was about to be born.

The first thing I saw was the light of dawn trickling through the wooden shutters of my frugal home, as with lusty voice I objected to the presence of a physician, a nurse, and other objectionable and inquisitive folks. Thus I was added to the population on the 25th of May, 1862. The date, so far as I know, has not yet been decreed a municipal holiday.

Outside of being my native burg, Basel's fame rests upon three catastrophes: It was destroyed by earthquake in 1356, a Pope was deposed there in 1439, and the dragon's teeth of Alsace-Lorraine discord were planted in a treaty signed at Basel in 1795.

My mother's maiden name was Amelie Klotz. I had a brother, Adolph, two years older, and a sister, Amelie, two years younger. Mother died shortly after her namesake was born, whereupon I was sent to Thann, Alsace, to live with a kindly disposed aunt and uncle who dwelt above a small grocery and





The Zim home in Horseheads, N.Y.

wine-room. Alsace was separated from Switzerland by a rail fence so low that one could almost jump over it, and yet, as I look back now in memory it seems that I crossed a Rubicon when, at the age of two and a half, I took those few steps into a foreign country.

For five years I resided at Thann, attending a French school. Those impressionable years I spent beneath the pale blue mountains of Alsace, before the hordes of mighty Bismarck ripped asunder that prosperous and peaceful French valley, installing German *Kultur* in its every corner, were glorious years to me, because if there is anything dear to a boy's heart it is a soldier suit, and in that turbulent but very interesting period even a child could sniff war in the air. In America, to which my father and brother emigrated, the Great Rebellion had just ended; and in Europe, Garibaldi's troops were fighting around Rome, while martial activities were rife all over *Louis Napoleon's* Empire, notably at Thann.

Like other youngsters old enough to waddle, I wore a miniature Zouave uniform of red baggy pants and blue coat, with tin accoutrements at the side. Bright hues have always captured my fancy, especially on uniforms. If I had been older at that time, and more warlike, I would have enrolled under Garibaldi's banner, chiefly for the thrill of wearing a red shirt. That was the very

reason why I became a volunteer fireman at Horseheads, New York, many years later.

Yes, I love colors. I remember how I doted on a small box of paints which Santa Claus put in my stocking at Thann before I was five years old. The daubs I made with those pasty pigments constituted my first venture into the art world. Fortunately, they have not been preserved for posterity. Another factor which helped to bend my juvenile mind toward a future career was the artistry of my cousin Eugene, who was about eighteen when I was five. He used to amuse us children by giving Punch-and-Judy shows in the attic of his home, carving the puppets' heads out of wine-barrel bungs from the shop below and touching them up with color. The whole process fascinated me very much.

When I was seven and a half, the war clouds had become so dark and ominous that my aunt shipped me to America in care of a friend of the family. I never again saw my sister Amelie. She remained in Switzerland, eventually married, and died in 1930. Thus do paths diverge!

Just before embarking from Havre, my guardian decided to show me the life and color of Paris. A military atmosphere hung over the entire city. Detachments of troopers of every variety of uniformed splendor were galloping about the streets, but as I was hardly of



an age to comprehend the seriousness of the times, the scene before my eyes assumed the aspect of a huge carnival, the memory of which is vivid to me this very day.

Traveling as a steerage passenger aboard the *Paraguay*, I slept on one of the many delightful bunks of hemlock boards that stood three tiers high, in a balmy atmosphere of chloride of lime. These and other luxuries combined to make the twenty-one-day trip as nauseating as possible, the purpose being to discourage a youth from ever again venturing on the high seas. In fact, since landing in this country, I have confined

my ocean voyages to the Brooklyn-Manhattan ferries and an occasional rowboat on the Chemung River, although I freely admit having navigated many a schooner across the bar in pre-prohibition days along the Bowery.

If I remember correctly, the receptacle that housed my personal belongings and accompanied me across the water was badly in need of a shave. It was one of those crude affairs known as hair trunks, bearing the scars of many previous journeys and periodic moth feasts. It was, indeed, as much of a curiosity aboard ship as I was myself. The folks in Alsace must have been tickled to death to get rid of it.

In those days immigrant ships docking at New York deposited their human cargoes at the Battery in Castle Garden, which had been erected in 1807 and used successively as Fort Clinton, a cabaret, a music hall, and an opera house. Between 1855 and 1890 that structure was a terminal station for housing future American citizens overnight. There they were given health inspection and were tagged for further transportation to their respective destinations. Incoming foreigners were crowded like sardines into that famous old circular building, which finally gave somebody the brilliant idea of turning it into a fish-house — and that's what it is today.

Visitors to the Aquarium now gawk at sleepy crocodiles in the very spot where a grand ball was given for Lafayette in 1832 and a reception for President Tyler in 1843 — where soldiers were recruited for the Mexican War — where General Booth organized the Salvation Army — where the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, brought tears to thousands of eyes by singing "Home, Sweet Home" — and where Thomas Nast, Bernhard Gillam, Joseph Keppler, and other future American cartoonists arrived from foreign countries, even as I, and were deodorized, pasteurized and certified before being turned loose on the New World!

CHAPTER II

Even with the hair trunk, father was delighted to see me again. And when I moved over to Paterson, New Jersey, after spending a few months with relatives on New York's East Side, he found bed and board for me at the bake-shop in which he was employed.

Father was too poor and toiled too hard to give me much attention as the days lengthened into weeks, months and years. For a while he sent me to a French tutor in the hope of salvaging as much as possible of my native tongue, but the humiliation I endured from having been

an Alsatian — for which I was dubbed alternately "Frenchy" and "Dutchy" — spurred me to acquire the language of my newly adopted country, and soon I forgot all the French I had ever known.

Gradually I became less and less of a foreigner in speech and mannerisms, because a young boy will pick up the customs of a strange land much quicker than his elders will. Compulsory education was not yet in vogue, so most of my knowledge of the New World's ways was gained from daily contact with the street urchins and through occasional schooling. I attended the old Van Houten Street Public School, located just across the street from Cataract Hose No. 2 — the only blue-shirted fire company in the city — another factor in my early environment which, years later, influenced me to become a volunteer fireman.

Manual labor being the order of the day for the less fortunate boys such as myself, I worked during the years which should have been devoted to play and the acquirement of book learning. By carrying a full dinner pail some miles distant from my home I managed to earn fifty cents a week, and, with another quarter earned for polishing my father's shoes every Saturday, I had sufficient capital to keep me comfortably in chocolate taffy and butterscotch — two standard confections at Aunt Polly's tiny lollypop store.

On election nights I would hang around the offices of the *Paterson Daily Guardian* among the other gamins, eager to get my papers and skip about the city at 4 a.m., adding my *melodious* voice to theirs in singing the anthem, "Extrees! Full 'count of de 'leckshun!"

Once I discovered a five-dollar bill which seemed to be roaming about the neighborhood without a claimant, and thus automatically it became my property. Such a vast sum, however, was too much to trust to Providence in so worldly a city as Paterson, so I invested seventy-five cents of it in a small cast-iron bank, into which I placed twenty-five cents for a rainy day; with the remaining four dollars I availed myself of a lot of needed knick-knacks; then a financial crisis came along and it was necessary to close accounts and declare the institution insolvent.

Clearly, Nature had not patterned me for a financier; I was not given to hoarding; I believed in keeping my legal tender in circulation — a habit to which I have faithfully adhered until the present day.

It is natural for a boy to form a co-partnership with some trustworthy buddy and share with him the tips realized from doing odd chores about the neighborhood. Such an alliance I formed with

a chum named Jimmy Dumphy. It started with a capitalization of one dime, which was thrust into my palm by a generous gentleman whose horse I had held for half an hour before a place where vile beverages were dispensed. I had been in business for myself prior to this incident, but when Jimmy cast his eye on the coin and yelled, "Fifty-fifty!" I found myself involved in compulsory co-partnership. From that moment we declared daily dividends on all cash transactions, according to the ethics of our clan. Although we reposed perfect confidence in each other's integrity, we deemed it more prudent to move about together in the channels of commerce and thus be sure of an honest accounting of each day's business. All melons were cut at the moment the fruit of our labors ripened. Our biggest harvest resulted in snow-shoveling time, when the firm's receipts often reached the enormous sum of forty cents a day, and as most of it was collected in the big copper cents of an early coinage, you may believe that each partner had a fair sized pile when the day was done.

As a youth I was an ardent swimmer and during the warm weather I could have been found at least two days a week with other boys along the Passaic River, below the gas house, at a point where the water had been enriched by the oily overflow of that institution and by city garbage.

There one might bathe amid watermelon rinds in season and come up annointed with the output of the gas house. We never caught our death of cold because the delicate film that formed over the skin as we emerged closed the pores to all outside dangers.

I well remember how we used to play hookey from school in order to visit this hallowed spot, sling mud at one another, tie in knots the clothing of the weaker fellows and engage in other kind deeds. My father used to gaze suspiciously at my damp hair, as if he were wondering whether or not that were part of the curriculum, but he never got so far as attempting to delve into the cause of perpetual dampness.

Once, while I was swimming in the raceway of a cotton mill along the Passaic River, a husky mill-hand with a bushy red head tied a knot in my shirt. Believing it to be another fellow's garment, I advised "Reds" to tie it good and tight, which he did, to my supreme delight. Later it dawned upon me that I also had a shirt in that pile, and proceeded to investigate. I was amazed to find that the one Reds had tied was my own shirt, of which I had but two to my name! This was truly a calamity, especially as the the carrot-top grinned



One of the many fascinating rooms

The oak floor in the foyer of the Zim home



and gloated over my humiliation. A plank bridged the raceway over which I was obliged to pass after dismembering the mutilated sleeve with my jack-knife. Tearfully I dressed myself and started to cross the plank, meanwhile offering some genealogical observations about Reds which infuriated the brute so much that he made a dash for me. While dodging, I fell headlong into the stream, fully dressed! Needless to add, my sense of humor is a total loss whenever I recall that incident.

I wish I could feel as big and important now as I did in the days I had two cheap powder pistols stuck in my belt and they called me "Texas Jack," when we played Wild West after school hours and on Saturday afternoons in an abandoned Indian cave on the outskirts of Paterson.

When I was old enough to attend Sunday school, I learned of the marvelous phenomena of Bible days, such as Noah and his floating menagerie — an aggregation which, in these modern times, would require three sections of railroad trains to shift about the railroad. On each trip to Sabbath worship I was given two cents to pay for my salvation, but I had to pass Aunt Polly's lollipop establishment where Satan pulled me in and compelled me to divide, giving me a stick of candy in exchange. Hence the house of the Lord got only half of the amount that was coming to it. But I had been taught that God was ever kind and merciful to sinners and would pardon my giving way to temptation.

Once a revivalist came to town to disinfect the moral atmosphere and rescue those who had skidded off the road to Glory. A big, burly, reformed drunkard was asked to relate how he had caught the life-line.

Dramatically he strode forward, regarded his audience with knitted brow, and belched forth:

"Ladies and gents, I've allus been a holy terror and a miserable drunken bum till now, and what I've got to say about this here thing they call religion is: If any man here loves Jesus better'n I do, just trot 'im out."

This simple bit of rhetoric went down in history as an outstanding feature of the campaign. Some years later, however, he stumbled off the narrow path of righteousness and was found dead in the lap of a friendly cellarway after a periodical debauch.

As soon as I could shoulder a basket of bread, I began delivering the loaves which my father baked to the homes of the multitude of wage slaves in the vicinity of Paterson. To do this it was



necessary for me to arise at 5 a.m. and avail myself of a hurried breakfast, for, regardless of weather conditions, the staff of life must be delivered to its destination. Every customer was considered a precious asset, so it behooved me to be courteous and forbearing in the face of almost perpetual adversity.

Frequently I had to run the gauntlet of a much hated element called the Sandy Hill gang. Paterson, in the early days, was divided by the

Erie Railroad — the hostile deadline between the downtown or business section and Sandy Hill, the rather tough residential section. The



SEE THE POINT
THE PEN IS WORTHIER THAN THE PENN. STATE

latter could be compared with the old Harlem of New York, where goats ran at random and the delicious fragrance of garbage pervaded the ozone.

When winter set in, hostilities cropped out between those two unfriendly local

factions. All the bitterness of their hearts was wrapped up in soaked and frozen snowballs, and a flag of truce meant nothing but a rag to either side. You had to be one thing or the other, and as I was a downtowner delivering

fresh bread through the Sandy Hill section I necessarily became a target for the enemy.

To be continued in next issue of
CARTOONIST PROFILES.

ANIMATION



Our esteemed columnist, Grim Natwick, was recently a special guest at Reg Hartt's 3-Day symposium on the art of animation in Toronto. Here is his report on this Animafestival.

Ray Bradbury once called Toronto, Canada the most perfect city in the Western Hemisphere. There is a little street in Toronto that, in many ways, is the most charming street in this most perfect city. It is called Mercer Street.

As I remember it, Mercer is only one block long. It is an unusual street. Somehow it does not seem to belong to this perfect city. It savors of streets I knew in Europe. It reminds one of historical Soho Square in London or the Montmartre of Paris during those years when Picasso sipped his absinthe at the Lapin Agile; when Utrillo "drank all day and painted all night." Mercer Street would have fit into the mood of New York's Greenwich Village forty years ago or into Sausalito of old San Francisco before it was taken over by the 400.

At No. 12 Mercer Street there is a motion picture theatre that is certainly the most unique theatre to be found anywhere. It is called CINEFORUM and its programs are drawn largely from a great reservoir of animated film accumulated by Reg Hartt during a lifetime of searching. Of course there are other films, mostly old, rare films that are never shown in any theatre except this one.

At about age thirteen, Reg Hartt became an avid collector of films. At first it was horror films. From that he searched for the bizarre and the unusual. He has a 1924 version of Ben Hur with Ramon Navarro that has been called the best print of this picture in North America. He has a print of

Salome with sets designed by Aubrey Beardsley.

As he grew older he sought films of the early comedy actors; Charles Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields.

He became irresistibly fascinated by Fields. He began to talk like Fields; he walked like Fields. He used the Field's voice when talking to strangers on the street; the Field's voice became an addiction with him.

One day he was negotiating a delicate business deal with a pompous, red-cheeked banker. Suddenly in replying to a comment by the banker he blurted "Ah, My Little Chickadee." The deal was almost blighted. At that instant he became aware that he had lost his own identity. There was no longer a Reg Hartt; there was only a skinny W. C. Fields wearing Reg Hartt's Levis.

Reg Hartt could not change his passion for films. That had become a soothing pool in which he plunged each day. After a tug of war with his conscience he decided to change his film category. He swapped his cool pool for a Bugs Bunny bubble bath. He had a Tom and Jerry shampoo, a Mickey Mouse massage and a Betty Boop manicure and he not only recovered from his W. C. Fields trauma, he became delighted with his new cinema perspective. He became a passionate collector of animated cartoons.

Reg Hartt, by the way, is the owner and proprietor of the Cineforum Theatre. It is his idea. Cineforum operates as a private club with nearly 4000 members. The members are all devotees of film making. They are animation addicts, Popeye fans, Bugs Bunny lovers, Betty Boop enthusiasts, Mickey Mouse nuts. They are wacky

about Woody Woodpecker. They are Tex Avery maniacs. In short they like animated cartoons.

It is interesting to explore the thinking of Reg Hartt. He believes that animated cartoons were always grown-up entertainment. Contrary to some opinions, they were not made for kids. Their humor is Mom and Pop humor.

Wile E. Coyote was always putty in the hands of the sleek Roadrunner. The six-year-olds loved the characters and the movement; it is doubtful that they ever understood what a sharpie the Roadrunner really was. Bugs Bunny was always smarter than his adversaries. Tweetie Pie was Phi Beta Kappa all the way when she matched wits with the ponderous Puddy Tat. This was not 'Ivory Tower' wit but it was tailor-made for the adult minds of the 1930's, 40's and 50's. And these are the films Reg Hartt is talking about. These were the golden years of animation.

Reg Hartt invited me to Toronto to talk about those years and to help celebrate the 50th anniversary of Betty Boop. Betty first appeared in a Fleischer Bros. cartoon in 1930.

When I arrived at the Toronto airport I was met by John Dunham who has a close working relationship with Hartt. The trip to Mercer Street and the theatre took a half hour. At the theatre entrance we were met by two tail-wagging dogs, Charlie and Reefer. A voguishly attired young lady known to her friends as 'Pumpkin' asked me if I would like a coke. Pumpkin was tending the ticket booth. I met Reg Hartt, was given a comfortable chair and a coke and in less than two minutes Charlie and Reefer were sitting on my lap. Charlie is part Shepherd and part Collie. Reefer is Shepherd and Labrador. These are the guardians of the treasures of No. 12 Mercer Street. A thief who might enter the theatre at night would face the fangs of these fearless furry policemen. Should he escape with a rare Betty Boop or a priceless Popeye film, Charlie and Reefer would, like the fierce bloodhounds in Uncle Tom's Cabin, pursue him through sleet and snow and bitter winds and would, sooner or later, bring the culprit to heel. At least that is the plan. That is why they are there. The theatre is their home.

So far Charlie and Reefer have not been called upon to pursue a film thief and Reg Hartt hopes they never will be. He has spent too many years building up

**A THREE DAY
SYMPOSIUM
ON THE ART
OF ANIMATION**



ANIMAFESTIVAL

PART TWO: WITH
SPECIAL GUEST;

GRIM NATWICK

ORGANISED BY REG HARTT



AUG. 1, 2, 3, 1980.

AT

CINEFORUM

TORONTO, CANADA





Grim Natwick tries to blow out 50 candles that decorate a Betty Boop birthday cake. Reg Hartt is at the extreme right of the photo.



Our talks were held in a room next to the theatre. Its walls were carpeted with posters dating from the earliest days of cinema.



I was given a comfortable chair.

his arsenal of precious films. Films are his life, especially animated films. He hopes, someday, to make his own. He envisions a great new school of animation where artists will be taught to produce greater films than any that have yet been made. He sees in his future an animated Colossus in four parts, built around the romantic stories of King Arthur by Sir Thomas Malory. King Arthur is a dream of tomorrow. Today, in a large room adjacent to the theatre at No. 12 Mercer Street, we would talk about films of the past.

Our discussions followed film programs from the Fleischer Studio, especially Betty Boop films. Our

discussions were quite informal. In deference to my presumed antiquity, I occupied a comfortable chair. The assembled film fans stood or sat or sprawled on the floor like teenagers watching television. They ranged in age from 20 to 50 years. Their questions were often poignant, always interesting. My answers were drawn from what I had learned in 50 years of animating and especially what I had learned from people I had known in those years.

The talks were fun. It was nice to meet Reg and John and Pumpkin and Charlie and Reefer and the members of Cineforum. I enjoyed the subways and the hundreds of underground malls of

Toronto.

Finally it was our last night at Cineforum. A few blocks away Toronto's theatre street had become a blaze of glittering jewels. In the opposite direction the city's towering monoliths stood like flaming giants against the dark sky. Between them Mercer Street was a small moonstone caught in a bracelet of diamonds.

Goodbye Toronto

Good luck Betty

Esperant Que Vous Vivrez Pour
Toujours.



Lurie with President Sadat of Egypt



LURIE'S WORLDS



On the eve of the publication of political cartoonist Ranan Lurie's new book — *LURIE'S WORLDS 1970-1980* — by The University Press of Hawaii, we sat down with him to find out about a very ambitious plan on which he's now embarked. His plan is to make various world capitals his headquarters over a period of time, and to spend a year or two working in each of them. He has already completed a year's stay in Honolulu, which is considered the capital of the Pacific, and he is now in Bonn, West Germany, where he is serving for 2 years as political cartoonist for the influential *DIE WELT* and *BILD*, which has the largest circulation of any daily in Europe.

Q: Many people have admired the cool, and almost unique poise, with which you're able to interview and sketch so many world leaders. Was this rare ability acquired, or did you always have it?

A: Well, I think that I'm nothing more than some kind of an ambassador for my readers — an ambassador for what I consider the most ancient and noble profession of Communications. I say 'ancient' because the very first political cartoonists were the Biblical prophets who used the art of metaphors, the art of parables, to make their message more understandable and interesting to their audience. Of course these prophets were verbalizing but, for instance, Jesus

Christ in Matthew 24, says, "I will speak to the people only in parables, and if I do not have parables, I will not speak to them." My wording may be slightly off but the meaning is clear. Christ was a very wise thinker. He knew that great thoughts are not enough — they have to be delivered in a certain wrapping that will fascinate the imagination of his audience. Jeremiah also used metaphors and parables to describe to the Israelis the punishment they would suffer once they confronted the terrible might of the Babylonians. He didn't just say, "You will suffer so-and-so" — he described to them, in graphic verbalization, how things would look. He described the fires, the bloodshed, and so on. This is

basically what a political cartoonist is doing nowadays.

Q: Political cartoonists realize that a knowledge of the Bible is very helpful, as far as coming up with ideas is concerned. Did you have a good deal of religious education?

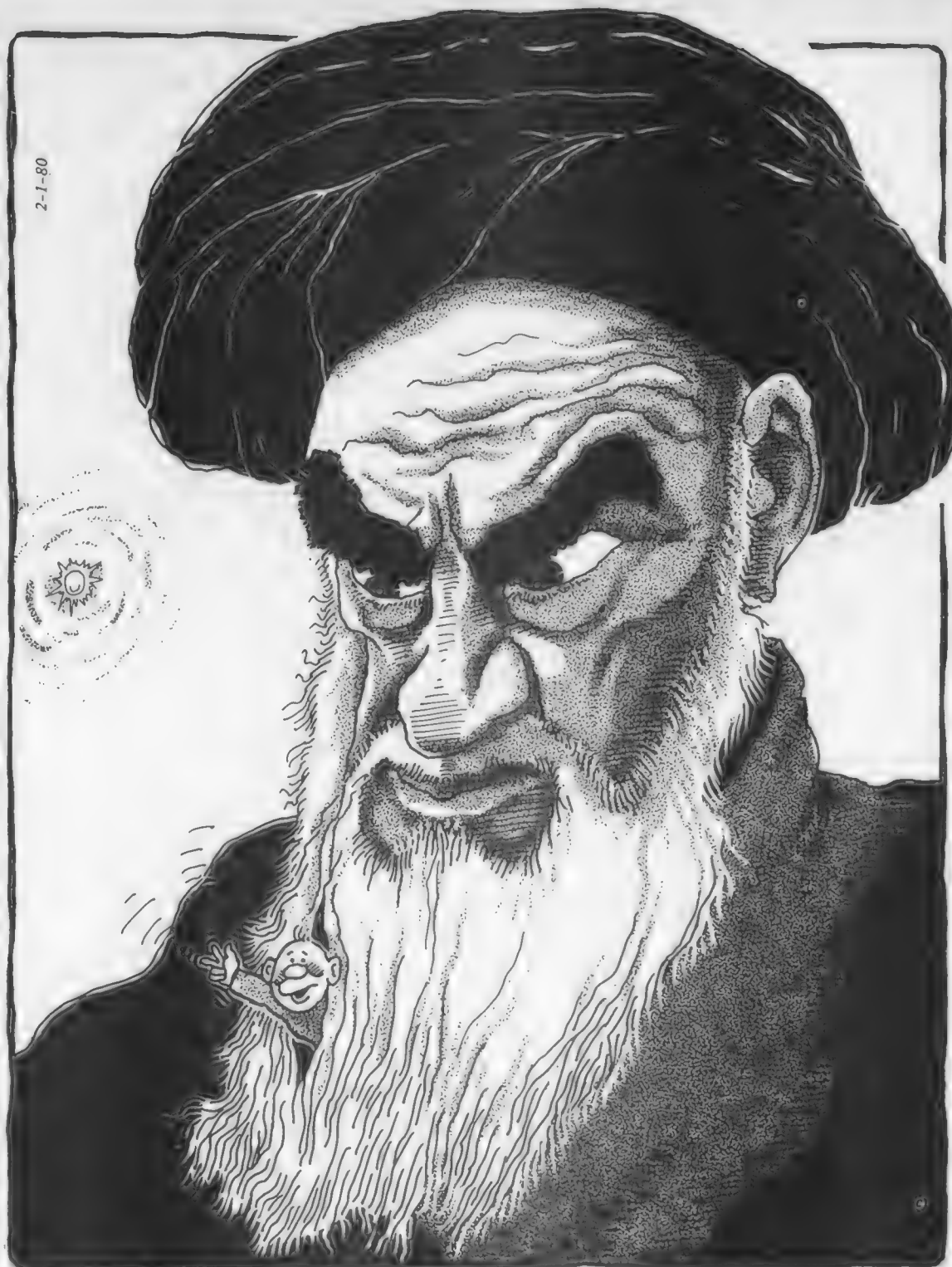
A: Of course part of my education in Israel was studying the Bible but we studied it not as a religious study but as history. For us, the Bible is pragmatic history — it's written history of the Jewish people, and therefore we simply study it the same way that, let's say, an English student would study Churchill. But let's not forget Shakespeare, because he also serves as a very good source of metaphors. The important thing about metaphors, especially in my situation, is that the same cartoon is read by a Boston Globe or a Philadelphia Bulletin reader, and simultaneously by a gentleman in Zambia, Indonesia, or Argentina. Therefore I must make sure that my parables have a common denominator. I can not use too effectively a technical snow-plowing metaphor, knowing that at least 70% of my readers never lived in snow so they can't associate with it.

Q: To go back for a moment to my first question — I still would like to find out how a cartoonist acquired the cool and the poise to meet on equal terms with so many world leaders.

A: Well, when I approach them they know, and I know, that I represent quite a respectable number of readers. In the back of my mind are a few million readers that are going to see my cartoon and read my interview, and I'm sure that a politician is aware of it. So that I don't think he's doing me any kind of a big favor — I'm not doing him any favor — it's simply a case of two people getting together to analyze a problem.

Q: Would you say something about the plan you are now embarked upon — that of working for a year or two in each of a number of world capitals?

A: Well, I consider myself a commentator who analyzes the *important* events in the world, since only the important events can serve as a common denominator for my readers in the five continents. If the Mississippi overflows, it will interest a certain region in the United States but it won't have a tremendous effect on, or interest for, my readers in North Africa. So what I do is choose subjects that are major enough to interest all readers. Now in order to understand the important events, I believed that since I'm a political analyst who happens to draw, the best way for me to really know what's happening in



"HI THERE! I'M IRAN'S NEW PRESIDENT!"

the Pacific basin as one example, would be to go to the capital of the Pacific, which is Honolulu (The Pacific basin, of course, includes a touch of Japan, and Manila, and it's not too far away from Fiji and Australia and New Zealand.) I decided to stay in Honolulu for a year, and while teaching my seminar at the University of Hawaii and lecturing at the East-West Center, I was simultaneously a student at these institutions. I studied the geographical arena of the Pacific for a whole year. It's not a very comprehensive study but it's certainly much better than sitting in Greenwich, Connecticut and talking about the Pacific.

As you know, in April I moved to Bonn, in West Germany, for a couple of years.

Bonn of course is the capital of West Germany, but also two hours away from Brussels, very close to the Nato center, the European market, a few hours from Paris, and a few hours from Rome. In developing contacts there I've become a little bit wiser politically than I was before I started this experience.

Q: What was the name of the seminar you gave in Honolulu?

A: "The Philosophy of Political Cartooning".

Q: At the same time you were giving the seminar, you were studying about the Pacific basin on your own, weren't you?

A: Yes — and I was attending lectures by the politicians and leaders and



political analysts who stop by and give talks, and I might add that the city is blessed with great numbers of these people. In other words it was a wonderful place in which to accumulate knowledge about the Pacific. I treat myself more or less as a foreign correspondent in Honolulu, or in Bonn, or for the future possibly in Sydney, Australia or Tokyo, Japan. I study the place, I visit the people who are the government, the ambassadors, the universities. In Bonn, for example, I'm going to teach at the University of Bonn the same course I taught in Honolulu. That enables me to mingle with the academia in the area. However, the most important thing that helps me to create what I would call instant relationships, are the contacts I enjoy with the local newspaper that I work with. Once my cartoons start to appear in the paper, naturally I'm somewhat in the limelight, and it's much easier to make my moves. Oddly enough, I would say that 80% of the time I'm the one being contacted, rather than the other way around. So it makes things very simple. I'm not so keen about socializing just for its own sake, I simply don't have time for it. But I *am* keen on any kind of socializing that also incorporates a learning process, whether it's Helmut Schmidt in Germany or Governor Ariyoshi in Honolulu, or President Marcos of the Philippines. It's a very interesting process, and now that I've moved to Bonn for the next year or two



I've suddenly realized how much I've accumulated about the Pacific basin. I feel slightly more knowledgeable about that region because I've been there, and have mingled there. And I've convinced myself that the process of learning is a pleasurable process for me — I've turned it into a 'fun' situation. I'm simply curious about the whole thing and I feel like a chess player who learns his pieces and their potential moves well. So, if chess is a fun game, so is this! I don't go to discotheques, or almost never to small parties where I cannot learn something from the people. Part of my job is meeting people who know, therefore I try to gravitate to that kind of arena where even small talk becomes interesting and ignites new knowledge. I can't do a cartoon if I don't know all the background about the subject I'm dealing with on a particular day. Without any question this background, and the message the political cartoonist is delivering, are the main crux of the cartoon. All the other four factors — the drawing of the metaphor or parable, the facial caricature, the humor/satire, and good journalism, are only wheels that are supposed to deliver the message to the reader. These four are really technical things. The problem with political cartoons is that, most of the time, one of these wheels tends to take over and becomes the important thing of the cartoon. So, let's say, if it's the 'humor' aspect which takes over, you have a funny cartoon, but chances are that that funny cartoon will not stand the rigorous challenge of reality that will appear maybe six months later. I think that a good cartoon should be a piece of instant history. If the public is the U.S. Cavalry, the good cartoon is the Indian scout going ahead of the Cavalry and informing it what to expect. A good cartoon has a mission to be there before the others, to analyze, to project, and, if possible, to deliver the message on a tray of humor, graphic excitement, and funny caricatures. And the most important thing is maintaining the dignity of delivering what you really think — what your conclusions are — and not delivering wishful-thinking messages supplied by someone else. You will be punished for this latter mistake eventually.

Q: Was there any problem with King Features, or with Editors Press, when you decided to establish bases in these various overseas cities and to send work back from there?

A: Everything has gone well with both of them. I might add that since in my contracts it's emphasized that I have absolute authority as to what I'm going

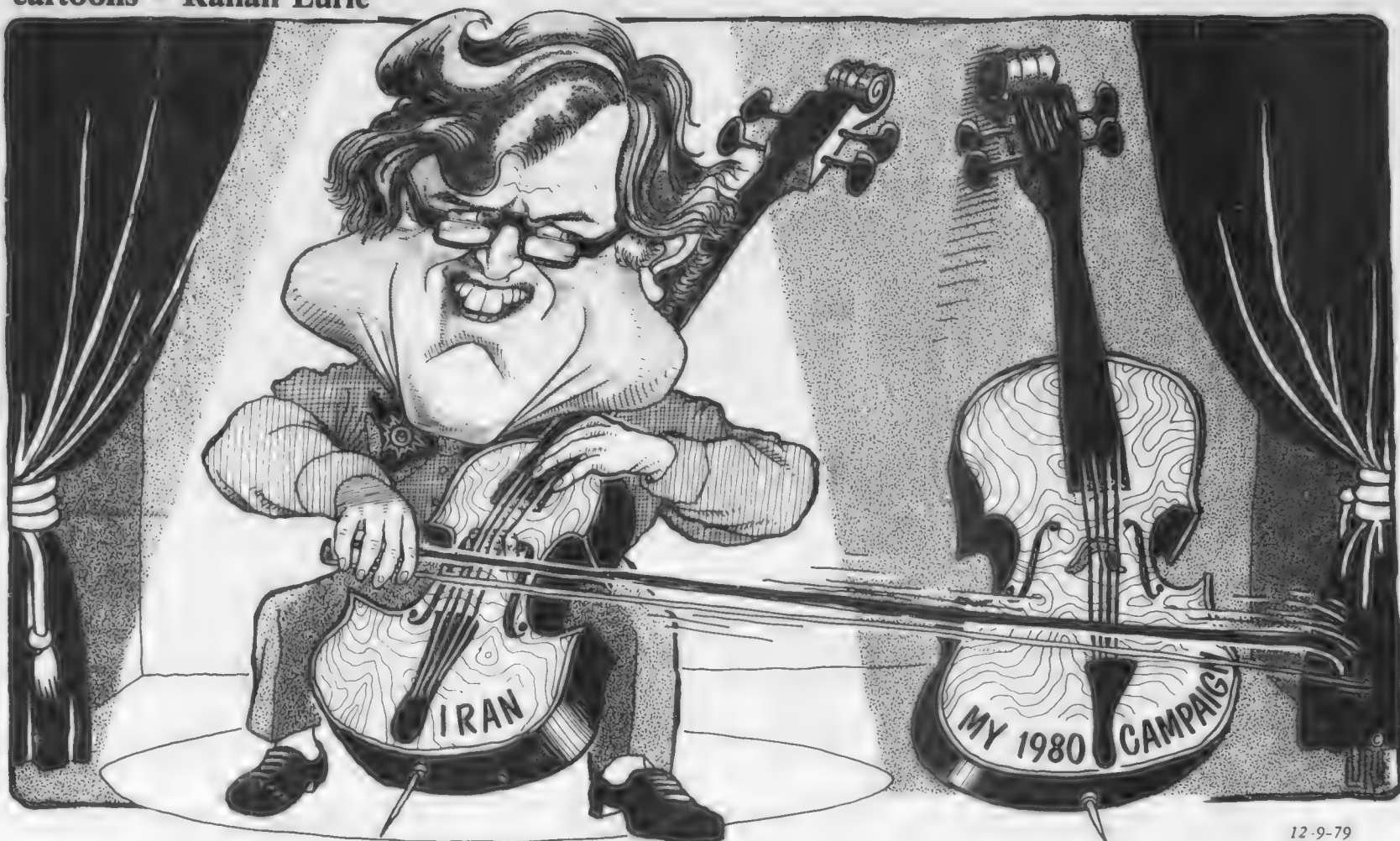


Jimmy Carter and Ranan Lurie meet for a background talk about the Middle East, Great Britain, and Iran in the privacy of Carter's plane.



Henry Kissinger exposes his features and inner thoughts to Lurie in an off-the-record two-hour interview in Kissinger's Washington headquarters.





12-9-79

to draw, what I'm going to say, and from where I'm going to send in my cartoons, we had no problem. I've really enjoyed maximum cooperation from both my syndicates.

Q: What are the logistics of distributing and syndicating your cartoons from your foreign base in Bonn?

A: My basic principle of syndication is that under no circumstances will a cartoon be put twice in an envelope. In brief, I am sending the proofs of each cartoon *directly* to the newspapers that are my clients. When I came to Bonn, the first thing I established was a relationship with a local printer who also is a mailer. Both of my syndicates send me on a weekly basis the labels for my clients, and these labels are put on the envelopes by the printer who stamps the envelopes, puts the proofs inside, and then mails them all over. My syndicates see the cartoons simultaneously with the client newspapers.

Q: You've said that your knowledge of German is limited. Will this make more of a problem than you had in Honolulu?

A: It's a problem but, in a way it's good because I know that I'm going to leave

Bonn in a year or two with better ability to speak German, so this is one of the added educational compensations. The higher-up the German I meet is, the better English he speaks — as a rule of thumb. I've been in Bonn half a year and I've already discovered that I can understand — not speak — much of the German I'm listening to. It's my guess that within a couple of years I'll know the language. I'm definitely planning to take a quick course of basic German, so as to be able to communicate with the drugstore and garage mechanics. However, there are three McDonald's in Bonn . . .

Q: I notice that your cartoons have been given very prominent display on the front page of 'Die Welt' in Bonn.

A: My contract specifies the sizes in which the cartoon should be printed. For instance, a horizontal cartoon will never be printed in less than a four-column size, and a vertical cartoon will never be printed less than three columns.

Q: I assume that you had previously approached several of the newspapers which have been on your client list, with

the thought of making one of their papers your home base for a year, and that you finally decided on 'Die Welt' in Bonn.

A: Yes — I felt that the editors in Bonn shared my ambition to find ways to deliver a better cartoon. They were very eager to develop quality and excellence. Now I think that I'm very far from creating a daily excellent cartoon, but at least I know that if both of us are striving toward that goal, maybe we'll develop eventually a *good* daily cartoon. I am very eager to pick their brains, and to hear what they think, for instance, about going to the Russian Olympics, or about Afghanistan. These conversations are part of my education.

Q: I assume that the 'Die Welt' editors are happy with the arrangement.

A: I feel that they are impressed by the fact that the same cartoon appears also in a couple of hundred American newspapers, and the scope fascinates them. And German politicians already have tended to come closer because they're dealing with me like they would be dealing with an American foreign correspondent who might deliver the German message to his newspapers.



The Saturday Evening Post



Liberty



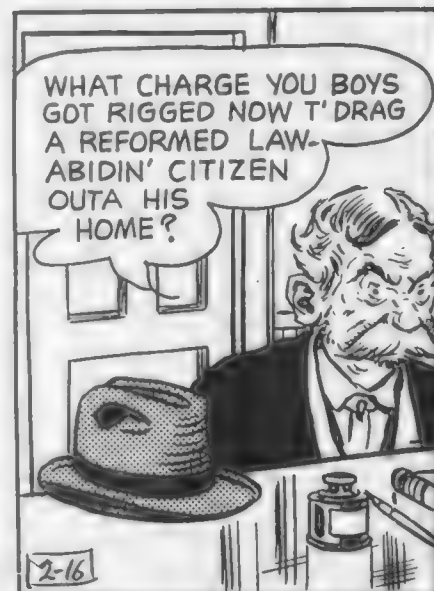
The New Yorker

RAEBURN VAN BUREN

We enjoyed so much the following informal conversation with RAEBURN VAN BUREN, who has had a long and distinguished career as an illustrator for America's top magazines, and for 33 years from 1937 to 1971 as the artist who drew those beautiful 'Abbie an' Slat's' comic strips. In April of 1979 he was presented with "The Golden Key to the National Cartoonists Society Hall of Fame" in recognition for his drawing of one of the all-time great strips!

Ray has said that the strip held up well to the time in 1971 at age 80 when the job became too much for him to handle. He felt that 'Abbie' was the kind of strip that required his personal touch, and he wasn't satisfied with the work of any of the cartoonists he had hoped could take

Abbie





the feature over. So, after several meetings with United Features, he decided to turn his characters out to pasture, grab his golf clubs and fishing rod, and start out catchin' up on his loafin'.

Although your editor has been acquainted with Ray for a number of years, we want to acknowledge that his nephew, Steve Harris, brought us together for this particularly pleasant meeting.

For the benefit of our younger readers, here is a short re-cap of some of the 'Abbie an' Slat's' characters in the little village of Crabtree Corners: There was Slat's Scrapple, a ruggedly handsome country boy, girlfriend Becky, her sister Sue, Aunt Abbie, and of course, the girls' father, Bathless Groggins.



an' Slat's



TAKE IT EASY, GROGGINS. WE'VE ASKED YOU HERE TO HELP US SOLVE A PUZZLING MYSTERY!



CHIEF...YOU MEAN YOU WANTS **PERFESSIONAL** HELP T' CRACK A TOUGH ONE, HUH, CHIEF!

RIGHT-- AND FOR ANOTHER REASON, TOO...



TO PROTECT YOUR OWN LIFE!

MY OWN (CHOKES!) LIFE!

Trm. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved
Copr. 1954 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

P. VAN BUREN



Hurd: I recall your saying that you had complete freedom in doing all those great Van Buren illustrations for The Saturday Evening Post under the editorship of George Horace Lorimer.

Van Buren: Yes — that was the nice thing about the Post — I was entirely on my own. When they'd send me a manuscript, there weren't any orders, or 'do's and don'ts' accompanying it — they'd leave everything up to me. I could make one picture, or a double-page spread, or four or five little thumbnail sketches. After I'd read a story, I could make my own decision as to how to handle it. And I never sent in a set of illustrations but what I got a letter of comment from The Post. They would say whether they were satisfied or not, and fortunately I usually got a pretty good report on the work. Another thing — if they saw improvement in my work as I went along, they would mention that. Incidentally, if a particular story was going to be a lead-story, they would always want me to do one extra illustration in addition to the number which I would normally have done for a back-of-the-book story.

As you know, I've got quite a pile of these letters commenting on my illustrations, because I illustrated over 368

stories for The Post.

Hurd: What led up to your doing illustrations for them?

Van Buren: I started illustrating with Street & Smith's pulp magazines — they didn't pay much but they kept me busy and kept me fed. As I recall, I got something like \$15 for an illustration. I got into Collier's and the Red Book next, then World War I started, I went into the service, and was with the 107th Regiment from New York for two years. Then after I came out, I sent the Post, which was the magazine I'd always been aiming for, some samples of the work I had done for other magazines before the war. I guess around 1923, they sent me a story, and for about a year I'd be sent another one occasionally. But assignments came regularly after that, and for 15 years, just as soon as I'd send in a set of pictures, I'd get another manuscript — which was pretty nice.

During those 15 years, Lorimer usually sent me semi-humorous stories for which I had to draw somewhat funny people — characters who were human beings however, not caricatures. Now it seems that Al Capp had been following my illustrations in The Post, and one day I got a call from him. He wondered

if I'd come into town to talk over an idea he had. I didn't know Capp and wasn't even aware of what 'Li'l Abner' was like, but we met as he suggested. He first tried to sell me on the idea of giving up illustration and going into the comics, and he emphasized that radio and eventually TV would kill the fiction magazines that I'd been working for. He claimed that now was the time to get into something that wouldn't be hurt by the coming changes. My wife, Fern, thought I was insane to even consider his entreaty. But the more I thought about it, the more I felt like it would be the smart thing to do. It would be a hard decision since I was doing all right as an illustrator and I'd have to give up all that. There was a warmth about Lorimer — he was a real old, country gentleman type — and I never felt pressed working for him because he always gave me plenty of time on a story. Incidentally, you can imagine how I felt later when I got into comics where I had to keep a schedule which became a monkey on my back all the time.

Capp said we'd have to get together 14 weeks of dailies to submit to the syndicate and this sounded to me like an impossible job. I told him, "Let me see



your script — if it inspires me, maybe I can sell my wife on the idea.” At this point there wasn’t even a name for the strip — although Al might have had one in his own mind.

But I just dropped everything and I even sent stories back to a couple of magazines. I sent an explanation of my reasons along with the manuscripts, but it just broke my heart to do it.

Well, I did the 14 weeks and we took them over to King Features where we asked to see the legendary Joe Connolly. However he was out so Al said, “United Features has been pretty good to me with ‘Li’l Abner’ — let’s go over there.” Fortunately, United gobbled it up right away, and did some wonderful publicity on the strip. In just no time, we had about 200 papers.

Hurd: Did Capp ever sketch out what he thought the various characters should look like?

Van Buren: Oh no. After I first read the 14 weeks of his script, I made sketches of the principal characters for him to O.K. He was delighted with them. Of course they gradually changed, with Slat and Becky, and others becoming less slapstick. Incidentally, I never had any trouble with Al at all — he always liked my work. By the way, he joked that he was afraid that ‘Abbie an’ Slat’ was going to pass ‘Li’l Abner’ since we had started off like crazy!

Hurd: Drawing characters in your

magazine illustration days was a different matter than creating them in ‘Abbie an’ Slat’, wasn’t it?

Van Buren: Yes — usually an author of a story for a fiction magazine spends a lot of time describing characters and backgrounds, so as an illustrator you have to do a lot of research work. Authors will describe characters so that you can really see them in your own mind and you follow their description in making your drawings.

In the case of ‘Abbie’ Al never did describe the characters — he left that entirely up to me. He wouldn’t say, for instance, that he wanted a character with a big nose, or mustache, or what have you — that was my decision. In the case of Bathless Groggins, we just agreed that we didn’t want him to be an obnoxious character. Although his name would indicate that, what we wanted was a little, comical fellow who, even though he was bathless, was nice. He was a liar, he had all these visions of adventure, but he was likable.

Hurd: You seldom got bored during the 34 years you drew ‘Abbie’ from 1937 to 1971. Isn’t that right?

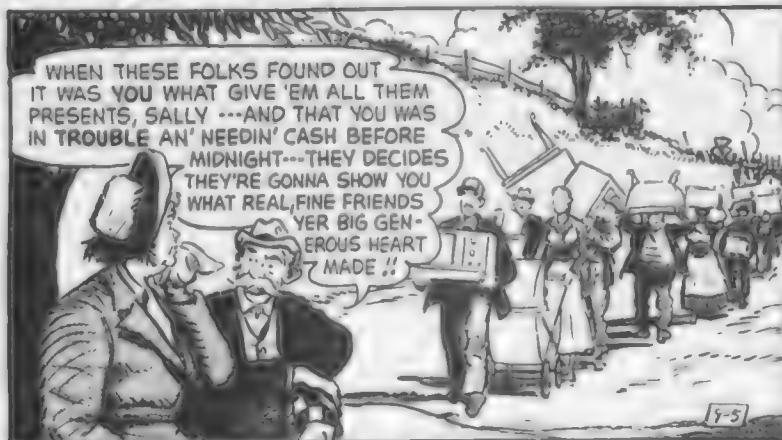
Van Buren: Right — when you get a good story, you just can’t get bored. Of

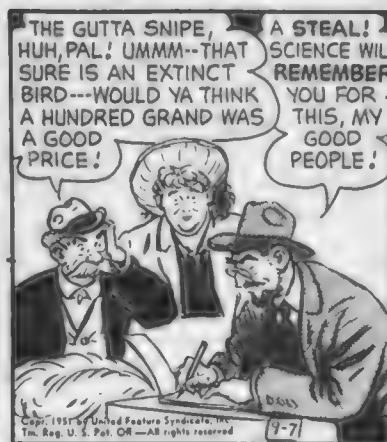
course Al didn’t spend as much time getting ideas for ‘Abbie’ as he did on ‘Li’l Abner’ material, and occasionally I had to work much harder than usual on weaker stories to make them interesting.

Hurd: Where did you develop that beautiful penwork that you displayed in ‘Abbie’?

Van Buren: I was working on the Kansas City Star, and in those days, Col. Nelson, who owned the paper, didn’t believe in halftones — all portraits had to be drawn, from photographs, in pen and ink. So we got to be pretty good with a pen and I could turn out a portrait, and get a pretty good likeness, in half-an-hour. But finally they assigned me as a sketch artist — and I’d go to fires, to murder scenes, to court rooms, and so on. In addition, the paper would buy the serial rights to a book, and every day I’d have to illustrate that day’s installment for the morning edition, and then do another and different illustration for the evening edition. H. Wood, the art editor, sat right next to me at the paper, and he was a splendid pen-and-ink man. My family and I got acquainted with him at church, so he took a special interest in me even before he gave me a job on The Star. I’d







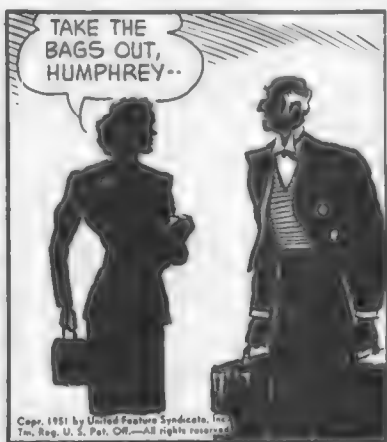
take stuff in to show him, he'd criticize it, then one time he got into a spot where he needed an extra man, and he called on me. I went to work before Christmas, thinking that I had a permanent job, but after the rush was over, Harry Wood told me he wouldn't be needing me any more. I had dropped out of school, left everything in my locker, and had gone to work for him. I was really in shock at this development, so Wood, who felt sorry for me, took me back. Then came the day when I drew a romantic kind of a picture for the Sunday paper. On Monday morning, the Managing Editor came into the art department holding the page with my drawing, and asked who had done it. When he asked Wood if I was on the payroll, and was told, 'No, not yet', he said, "Put him on!" It was after this incident that I discovered that Wood had been paying me out of his own salary from the time he had put me back on, until the M.E. noticed my work.

Hurd: Did you have any formal art training?

Van Buren: I went to The Art Students

League for about 6 weeks but I soon got impatient there and left. I had had more than 3 years out in Kansas City, sketching, as I mentioned earlier, fires, characters in court rooms, and so on, and I would finish my drawing of an art school model in half-an-hour, whereas most of the other students were spending a week on theirs. I decided that one can get too dependent on models, and I had had such great training on the paper in Kansas City.

Hurd: You've had good health so that you can enjoy your present retirement.
Van Buren: I've had good health because I've been moderate in everything. I used to play a lot of golf but I could only play once a week because I didn't have more time when I was doing 'Abbie'. Nowadays I go away twice a year — I go to Florida for about 4 or 5 weeks, and then I go out to the Ozarks in the summer to do a little bass fishing and some loafing. I get my fun now with my painting. A year or so ago I couldn't do any because of an eye operation, but I'm really fascinated with portrait work, and now I'm back at my painting. ●



MUSEUM of CARTOON ART



MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART ANNUAL BENEFIT GALA A GREAT SUCCESS

On November 8th, the Museum of Cartoon Art's fourth annual Benefit Gala once again transformed the historic Ward's Castle into the elegant center of social festivities it was at the turn of the century. Guests dined and danced in the spectacular rooms amid 19th century marble, cut glass-work and crystal chandeliers.

The theme of the evening was "Little Orphan Annie's" 55th Birthday. Comic strips, decorations and activities centered around Annie and her compatriots, who have given America one of its most popular features for decades and who now entertain us as well in the Broadway

play and upcoming motion picture. The Museum thanks Ovaltine Products, Inc. and Columbia Pictures for their help and support this year. Ovaltine Products, sponsors of the "Little Orphan Annie" radio show in the 1930's and '40's, donated Little Orphan Annie gift bags which guests received. Columbia Pictures, producers of the upcoming "Annie" movie, donated a variety of contemporary Annie products. The special winter "Little Orphan Annie" exhibit was previewed at the Gala. Dozens of celebrated cartoonists and illustrators were in attendance.

Funds raised from the Gala go to support the Museum's operations which include not only exhibits of prime examples of cartoon art, but also archives for

over 60,000 originals, traveling exhibits, exchange programs with other museums, book publications, library and research facilities, cartooning courses, monthly speakers, animated film and video tape center, and special exhibits. The generous support of patrons of the Gala is vital to the existence of the Museum and to the preservation of Ward's Castle.

1980 Gala Committee Members were: Marion Salvador, Chairperson; Mort Walker, Marilyn Roberts, Janet Gilmore, Millie Johnson, Sunny Brown, Sue Mason, Lanie Drake, Jean Walker, Frank Coyle, Joan Murphy, Jack Tippet, Patty Soutar, Jeanne Coyer, Gigi Stoltzfus, Brian Walker, Charles Green and Ellen Armstrong.



**"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE"
AT THE MUSEUM OF
CARTOON ART**

Harold Gray created "Little Orphan Annie" in 1924, and the red-haired, circle-eyed moppet has been one of the most popular comic strip stars for the last six decades. Gray is considered by cartoon scholars to be one of the finest storytellers ever to work in the comic strip medium. Both his writing and drawing were characterized by a simple and direct technique, always championing the basic American virtues of honesty, hard work, and friendship.

Gray died in 1968, and after many unsuccessful attempts to find an artist to continue the strip, a brilliantly capable successor, Leonard Starr, has recently revived "Annie." The current stage hit version of "Annie" is only one in a series of successful spin-offs throughout the years, including movies, radio shows and numerous merchandising adaptations. Because of this revival in interest,



the Museum chose "Annie" as the theme for this year's Gala fundraiser, and as a theme for its Winter Special Exhibit. The Gala on November 8 provided a

sneak preview of the exhibit, which will officially open on November 16th and continue until January 31st. The Museum would like to thank the following individuals and organizations for making the Little Orphan Annie exhibit possible: Richard Marschall, Bill Blackbeard, Howard Gotlieb, Bob Reed, Les Borden, CTNYNS Syndicate, the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, Boston University and Columbia Pictures.

Featured in the exhibit are close to fifty original comic strips by Harold Gray, borrowed from Boston University, Richard Marschall, the National Cartoonists Society, and from the Museum's own collection. Strips from as early as the third week of "Annie", in 1924 until Gray's last strip of 1968, chronicle the major events in a tale of epic proportions. Annie's original adoption by Mrs. Warbucks, her first meeting with

Daddy Warbucks, the time she saves a stray dog, later named "Sandy", from the dog catcher, the making of her timeless red dress; all of these momentous occurrences can be seen for the first time in the original strips Gray drew himself. Examples of Gray at his most propagandistic, and, at his most poignant are included in the exhibit.

With the current elevation of "Annie" to almost mythical status, many people forget the depth and richness of Gray's original creation. The Museum hopes this exhibit will put the events of the last fifty years, as seen through the saucer shaped eyes of "Little Orphan Annie", in a new perspective.

In the spirit of the Christmas season, a season that was always special to Harold Gray, a display of 36 of his famous full-color Christmas cards is also included in the exhibit as well as two memorable Christmas Sunday pages, one from 1924 and the other from 1936.

End of the year THANKS!

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you for the support that your membership dollars have provided us in past years. Your membership in the Museum of Cartoon Art helps us in many ways.

First of all, your membership pledges become a vital resource to help provide the cash to maintain our day-to-day operations and special events. The second form of support provided by your Museum membership is one of influence. In awarding grants, funding organizations consider the size of the Museum membership program to be an important indication of general public interest in the project. They look very favorably on a Museum that is already supported in part by a large number of

members.

The third benefit that we receive from your membership is less tangible but just as important as the first two. Each membership in the Museum is an affirmation of our ultimate goal. It says to us, "Yes, your project is worthwhile. It is important to collect, preserve and exhibit this unique American art form. I want to help this effort by becoming a member."

We thank you for the support you have given us. It is an unfortunate reality of our times that to maintain the same level of support the cost of membership has gone up this year. New rates are \$20.00 for an individual membership and \$30.00 for a family membership.

Membership in the Museum of

Cartoon Art entitles you to unlimited free admission to the Museum, a year's subscription to "Cartoonist PROfiles," which carries Museum notes and announcements, 10% discount on gift shop purchases, 20% off original artwork from the Museum Gallery, and a special member's gift of a Museum publication.

Don't forget that your membership contribution is tax deductible. Thanking you in advance for your continued support, I am

Truly yours,

Charles Green
Director



GILCHRIST MASTERPIECE

Last year Guy and Brad Gilchrist, two young and talented cartoonists, overheard a member of the Museum's staff lamenting the loss of a stained-glass window, which was broken during the vacancy of the Ward Castle before the Museum moved in. Brad foolishly mentioned that he had done some work with stained glass, and we immediately collared him for the job of making a new window. Over six months later, we were amazed at what the Gilchrists had produced. Guy designed a pattern shown here, which included characters created by our Hall of Fame cartoonists. Brad then tackled the task of soldering together the complicated lattice of glass and lead. The finished product, which was unveiled at the Beetle Bailey 30th Birthday Party, is a masterpiece which shines colorfully, almost fifty feet above the ground floor of the Museum. We thank Guy and Brad for generously donating their services to a unique creation which will be enjoyed by Museum visitors for many years to come.

CARTOONS FOR CABLE

The Ball and Chain Video group who produce the "Adult Cartoons" show, which is hosted by Charles Green, the Museum's director, is currently involved in many new projects. In addition to airing the third series of "Adult Cartoons" shows, which feature examples of classic cartoon animation, Ball and Chain is producing "Cartoon College" an educational cartoon show, "Great Times" a newsreel variety show, and a half-hour version of "Adult Cartoons" for HBO.

The pilot for "Cartoon College" was recently filmed at the Museum. It is hosted by two muppet-like creatures, "Cornelius" or "Corny" for short, the professor of Cartoonology, and "Bowser" his canine cohort. Every week they will interview a guest cartoonist, in this case Mort Walker, creator of "Beetle Bailey", who will give tips to kids on how to create cartoons. The show is rounded out with a selection of classic cartoon animation from the Museum's collection. "Cartoon College" will be sold primarily to local broadcast stations throughout the country.

ARNO AS ART

If you didn't hear about the Peter Arno Exhibit, which ran from Sept. 21 to Nov. 30, you haven't been reading your New York Times. After viewing the exhibit the Times reporter asked "But is it art?" He went on in his column to say, "To date no major American museum has thought the work of the late cartoonist worthy of a major show. But on Sunday, the first Peter Arno retrospective will open, in an upstart institution that is trying to broaden the definition of art suitable for collection, display and criticism, the Museum of Cartoon Art in Port Chester, N.Y."

In spite of the inability of the Times to determine the artistic merit of Mr. Arno's work, the article, which was strategically placed on the front page of their weekend section, brought in a record crowd of over 500 visitors on the opening Sunday of the exhibit. Additional feature coverage by the Daily News, the Village Voice and all the local newspapers and radio stations made the Arno show perhaps the best attended ever at the Museum. Special thanks go to the New Yorker for sponsoring a wonderful opening reception, and to Kitty Bush and Pat Arno for loaning the artwork.

Acquisitions

Mrs. Dave Breger donated 2 Sunday pages and 4 daily panels of her late husband's strip, "Mr. Breger."

Jack Markow donated 30 of his own magazine cartoons, and 7 magazine cartoons by other artists as well.

Fred Neher donated 12 of his own original cartoons.

Maurice Steele donated a limited edition copy of *ON MY WAY: Being the book of Art Young in Text and Picture* for the museum library.

Ray Thompson donated 2 originals of his "Homer" strip.

Al Scaduto donated an original "They'll Do It Every Time".

Alice Payne donated 9 tear sheets. Francois Corteggiani donated 16 original cartoons by various French artists.

Mr. & Mrs. Hal Foster donated a variety of material, including over 1,000 "Prince Valiant" photostats from the 1950's on, and 17 original "Prince Valiant" pages.

Gaetano Strazzulla donated, for the library, 2 books on Italian cartooning.

Tamsyn O'Flynn donated over 200 DC comic book originals.

Jim Davis donated 50 copies of his bestseller *Garfield at Large* to be sold in the Museum's shop.

Toni Mendez donated over 75 assorted cartoon books.

Mrs. Steven J. Szep donated 2 scrapbooks of cartoon clippings.

Virginia Withers donated 15 various originals and 8 reproductions by her husband, George Withers.

Barbra Nichols donated 20 Peter Arno posters.

Frank Fogarty donated one of his "Movie Love" originals (Happy Birthday, Frank!).

Gus Turbeville donated 13 original comic book stories from the 1950's.

Robert Stern donated a collection of hundreds of originals by

Barbara Shermund, including original cartoons and watercolor paintings.

Mrs. Frank Zachary donated 9 assorted Italian originals.

Emidio Angelo donated one of his originals and also a book of his cartoons.

THE SIXTH YEAR OF SUCCESS

Thanks for making 1980 the best year yet for the Museum of Cartoon Art!

1980

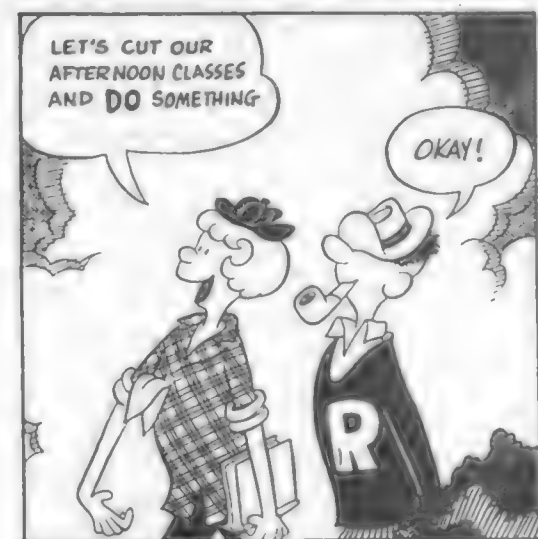
- 12 great celebrity cartoonist appearances.
- Children's cartoon workshop and Children's Cartoon Contest.
- L'il Abner & Dogpatch U.S.A.: A Retrospective of the Art of Al Capp.
- Chic Young and Al Capp become new members of Museum of Cartoon Art's Hall of Fame.
- New stained glass cartoon for Museum skylight.
- Publication of Milton Caniff's "Raven-Evermore?" episode from "Terry & the Pirates."
- New Bigelow carpets.
- Joe D'Angelo fund-raising project gathers multi-year contributions for renovation and operating expenses.
- Renovation of the Museum's exterior.
- Limited Edition Cartoon Lithographs Exhibit.
- Beetle Bailey's 30th Birthday Party.
- Peter Arno Retrospective Exhibit.
- Little Orphan Annie Gala Benefit Dinner Dance.
- Thousands of new acquisitions.

Thanks for doing your part!



SPECIAL SERVICES

The Museum is actively engaged in promoting cartoons and cartoonists in many ways. We provide information and graphic reproductions for researchers, publishers and authors for minimal fees. We can arrange for cartoonists and cartoon historians to speak at functions (ask for catalog of available speakers and rates). The Museum's facilities are often used for meetings of art groups and non-profit organizations (schedule dates with director). In many ways, the Museum acts as a community center, so bring your ideas and suggestions to us.



From 1950 to 1980

THE EVOLUTION OF A BEETLE

A party to celebrate the 30th birthday of Mort Walker's Beetle Bailey was held at The Museum of Cartoon Art in Port Chester, New York on September 6th. A number of army dignitaries, a pup tent guarded by Mort's pup Otto, a bona fide jeep on which an outstanding Beetle soft sculpture sat, and the hundreds of pennants and floating banners certainly livened up the scene. The life-size Beetle sculpture was created by the talented Joni Johnson especially for the occasion.

Fortunately the weather was ideal. The delighted guests dined and relaxed outdoors under the stars. The food was elegant and plentiful. Soft music from the veranda was a pleasant addition. King's president, Joe D'Angelo and general manager Ben Srere mingled with Mort Walker and the other cartoonists and the army representatives. The ladies were sparkling and so was the evening.

Multitudes of colorful balloons with Beetle's imprint floated from the ceiling and desserts were passed with individual "30!" pennants on each. Souvenir Beetle keychains were at each place setting. Inside the museum, Meyer Davis' music was enthusiastically danced to by many — Toni and Shap Shapiro being the most accomplished and energetic. Mid-evening, Joe D'Angelo presented

Mort with the syndicate's gift for Beetle's birthday — an exquisite Steuben Glass bowl. Presenting it, Joe said, "Beetle Bailey, as American as apple pie — a Steuben bowl, an American expression of perfection. Our deepest appreciation and thanks, Mort." There was a little tension in the air as he gave the precious glass bowl to Mort because they were standing on the veranda steps which, of course, are constructed of stone. But they didn't drop it!

It was Joey D'Angelo's birthday too. He turned thirteen that day and all the cartoonists joined in to sing a loud, if a bit off-key, "Happy Birthday" to him. A good time was had by all and the celebrants were reluctant to leave when the musicians played "taps".

That most pummelled soldier, Beetle Bailey, who has survived countless encounters with Sgt. Snorkle, celebrated his 30th year of newspaper fame on September 4th.

Some things never change, of course, and after 30 years Beetle Bailey is still the most famous Army private in the world. Beetle remains the gawky Army yardbird first seen in 1951 when he was stationed at Camp Swampy.

The first "Beetle Bailey" strip Mort Walker ever drew. This was not the first one that was printed in the newspapers. That one appeared a little later on in the week, in September, 1950.



The "Beetle Bailey" character is based on a campus cutup patterned after some of Walker's fraternity brothers at the University of Missouri.

Beetle Bailey may have gotten his biggest start when Walker was drafted in 1942 and became a rifleman in the infantry. He later attended the infantry Officers' Candidate School and was discharged in 1946 as a first lieutenant after serving in Italy as an intelligence officer.

Two circumstances jumped the popularity of Beetle during the mid-1950s. The first was when, because the Korean war was on, Walker placed Beetle in the Army at Camp Swampy rather than keeping him on the campus scene as a cutup.

The second was when the Tokyo edition of Stars and Stripes, the Army newspaper, mustered Beetle out of its pages. This occurred in 1954 because it appeared that the Army brass disliked the impression Walker was giving the public of their organization through Beetle and his friends, the Sarge, Rocky, Cookie, Killer, Lieutenant Fuzz, General Halftrack and others.

The "breaking" of Beetle then turned into the making of the cartoon because news services and magazines began spreading the story around that the Army brass did not like the strip. Once done, clients were fighting to sign Beetle Bailey up as their paper's exclusive property.



Beetle's entry into the Army.

Beetle's

Photos by Eric Hedlund



1



2

1. L to R: Lt. Col. Marvin L. Shiro (Public Affairs Officer, Div. of Military & Naval Affairs, N.Y. Army Natl. Guard), Mort Walker, Beetle, J.F. D'Angelo (President King Features). 2. Command Sgt. Major Adrian Serra (77th ARCOM), Brig. Gen. William Ward (Deputy Commander 77th ARCOM), Mort Walker. 3. Benson M. Sreere (General Manager King Features), Lee Falk (The Phantom and Mandrake the Magician), Mort and Jean Walker. 4. Mr. & Mrs. J.F. D'Angelo and son Joey in front of the Museum. 5. Joe D'Angelo with former King Features Comics Editor Sylvan Byck. 6. Mort and Joe D'Angelo. 7. Walker and Ben Sreere. (Dik Browne in background.)



3



4



5



6



7

30th



8



9



10

8. Richard E. (Dick) Fales (King Natl. Sales Director), Lovely unidentified guest), Mort Walker. 9. Bud and Nadia Sagendorf (Popeye). 10. Dick Fales and Nancy Sarnoff (King Public Relations Manager). 11. Nils Ittonen (Sanoma Publishing-Helsinki Finland) with the guest of honor. 12. In foreground, Joey D'Angelo and Georgia Yates. 13. Mort and Dik Browne. 14. Martin Alter (King Promotion Manager) and Bill Yates (King Comics Editor). 15. Toni Mendez, Dik Browne and Ben Sreere.



11



12



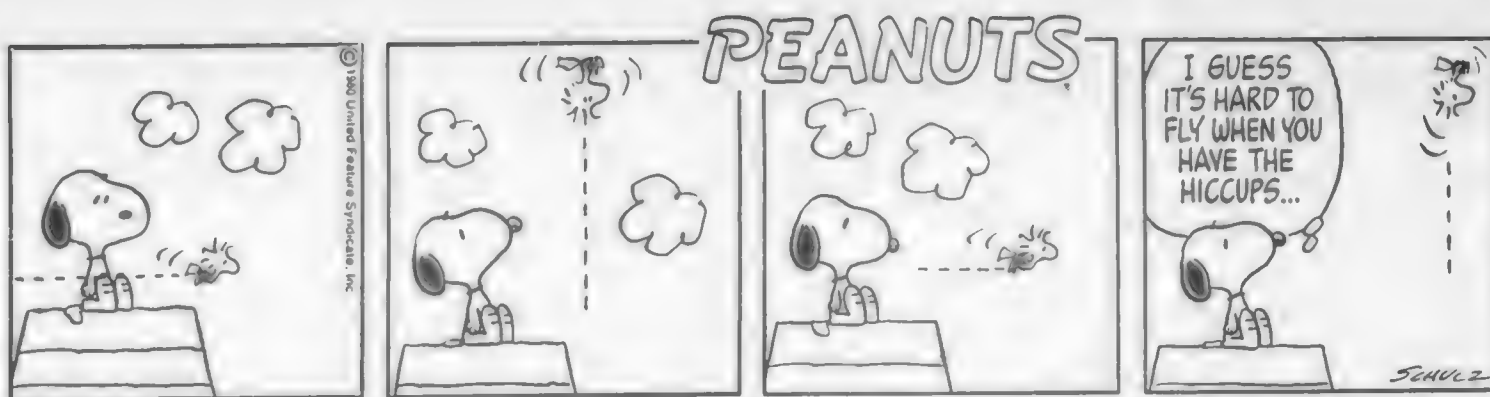
13



14



15



Charles M. Schulz

UFS President Robert Roy Metz



Thirty years ago United Feature Syndicate began distributing a new comic strip about a pint-sized sad sack with a round head and a slightly precocious dog. The original client list was just seven newspapers — *The Washington Post*, *Chicago Tribune*,

Minneapolis Star-Tribune, *Allentown Call-Chronicle*, *Bethlehem Globe-Times*, *Denver Post* and *Seattle Times*. The strip caught on. Its popularity grew and grew and it still hasn't stopped worldwide. Good grief, Charlie Brown! PEANUTS was 30 on October 2, 1980.

Photo by Anthony F. Holmes



To honor Charles M. Schulz on the thirtieth anniversary of his comic strip, United Feature Syndicate has established and funded The Charles M. Schulz Award. The annual \$2,000 award will help to further the careers of promising cartoonists.

The Schulz Award will be administered by the Scripps-Howard Foundation.

Announcement of The Schulz Award was made by UFS president Robert Roy Metz at a recent dinner in New York honoring Schulz and the PEANUTS anniversary. Metz said:

"Schulz has always shown a warm interest in the careers and problems of young cartoonists, so we felt this was the most appropriate way for us to say 'thanks' to him for his 30-year contribution to our company and our industry."

Jacques Caldwell, president of the Scripps-Howard Foundation said he was delighted at the establishment of The Schulz Award. "As far as I know," said Caldwell, "this is the first award of its kind to recognize and help promising cartoonists."

The universal appeal of PEANUTS accounts for its spectacular success over the past 30 years. The strip is translated into 22 foreign languages for newspapers in 64 foreign countries. None of the humor or warmth is lost in the translation. Somehow, the PEANUTS

gang — Charlie Brown, Linus, Lucy, Schroeder, Woodstock, Peppermint Patty, and, of course Snoopy — touch all of us. That is the unique genius of their creator, Charles "Sparky" Schulz.

"I have frequently referred to the comic strip as a sidewalk medium," says Schulz. "By this, I mean that the comic strip appeals to just plain people. However, if handled in the proper manner, the comic strip can burst these traditional bounds and appeal also to people who are better educated and are fortunate enough to have a more cultured background. To do this, the cartoonist himself need not be this educated or cultured, but he must possess that rarest of all commodities, which is plain common sense."

As the popularity of the PEANUTS strip has grown, so has its success in other media. The record now seems nothing short of remarkable. The 20th animated network TV special, "Life is a Circus, Charlie Brown," will be aired in October. Another TV special, "To Remember," focuses on the life of Schulz and will be aired over the PBS network on October 8. There have been four feature-length PEANUTS movies, a long-running stage musical, "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," and literally hundreds of books. Additionally, the PEANUTS characters have appeared on merchandise ranging from greeting cards to sportswear to loaves of

bread. Schulz personally approves every item before the licensee begins marketing the product.

And, just like when he started out 30 years ago, Schulz writes and draws every strip himself. Many syndicated cartoonists employ gag writers or artist assistants. Schulz does not.

"My main objective has always been to try to draw a good strip every day," he says. "Every emotion that you have, plus every experience and bit of knowledge which you have acquired, go into the creation of a comic strip."

Schulz, who is 57, lives in Santa Rosa, Calif., with his wife, Jean. His five children range in age from 19 to 27. He was born and raised in Minneapolis, and an early incarnation of PEANUTS, called "Li'l Folks," appeared weekly in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* in 1947. "I grew up with only one real career desire in life," he says, "and that was to some day draw my own comic strip."

Does he have any advice for the legion of young cartoonists who would follow in his footsteps? "There is no definite series of steps which you have to take," he believes. "You certainly do not have to have an 'in' someplace. All you have to do is be able to draw a comic strip which is better than any other now running." ●



Vacationing for FUN & GAGS

by I. Klein

*Here's another in our series of reminiscent
articles by former Disney artist,
and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN.*

IT WAS MY REALLY FIRST EXTENSIVE VACATION. A WHOLE SUMMER IN A RURAL COMMUNITY. When I walked down the steps from the lodging house where I roomed, I encountered a real live gag set-up. A little way down where the street blended off into a country road, a semi-circle of people were gathered. Sounds like shooting came from that direction. Being curious, I joined the group. Beyond them was a policeman blasting away at a small animal whose head was stuck in an empty tin can. The cop was shooting from a crouching position. He seemed rather nervous. I quickly saw the reason for his nervousness. The little animal had a white stripe running down its dark fur back. The spectators seemed to have the limited choice between being shot up or stunk up, but they stood their ground. I found a third choice ... I backed away and left the scene. I was just a city hick unused to country ways.

This happened in the Spring of 1921. Only a week or so before I was in New York City animating on a popular animated cartoon series. Abruptly I went batty and quit my job for my painting vacation in the country. This jump was triggered by a chance encounter one Friday evening when I met a boyhood friend whom I had not seen for two or three years. He told me he was employed as a civil engineer since his graduation from college the previous year. His job was in Hudson, New York, at one of the cement factories located in that area. Hudson was situated about one hundred and fifty miles above New York City along the Hudson River. "You should see the beautiful scenery", he enthusiastically exclaimed, and added, "That region is a natural place for an artist." My friend then said he had come down for a few days to see his mother. He was returning the following morning. "You should come up some weekend and see for yourself. I can put you up overnight at my rooming house."

I had a sudden inflammation of my imagination. I replied, "Tomorrow is Saturday. I will come up with you for this weekend." He looked startled, then beamed a big grin. "Great! Meet me at Grand Central at 7 A.M."

I arrived at the station the following morning with an overnight bag. My friend was waiting for me. The train ride was of about four hours duration. When we arrived we had lunch at his boarding house. It was arranged for me to stay overnight at my friend's rooming house. We spent the afternoon walking around the town and into the countryside. It was all as good as his glowing description. I was sold. "I will be back next Saturday and spend the entire summer here, if you will set things up for me for room and board." He agreed.

On Monday morning I told my boss I

was resigning my job at the end of the week. That I was going on a painting-vacation for the entire summer. His response was: "For criesake, just like that!" He scowled. He walked around the room. Then, "Okay, go ahead. I wish I could afford that myself." So I spent the entire summer of 1921 painting many small oil canvases, meeting people at the rooming house and the boarding house where I took my meals, and seeing people in the town itself. This was a new environmental experience and the source of some cartoon ideas for the future.

Hudson, N.Y. was rural. The rooming house was a neat frame small town house. On the right was the street which continued into the residential and business section. To the left a road led into the countryside. That was the road I

© Life Magazine



took on my painting walks. Directly across the street from the rooming house stood the County Jail. Every weekend there floated from that institution's windows a singing concert of unsober voices, rendering such folk songs as "How Dry I Am." Local atmosphere!

There were several other roomers besides my friend and myself. Our landlady was a slender, white-haired woman. There was a young girl helper and a husky female who looked like a nurse. Later, I learned there was also a mystery roomer. I found that out when I returned from my painting stint one afternoon. Shortly after I came in, there began the loudest rattling of pots and pans. I wondered what the heck was going on. Then the noises stopped, leaving a hollow ringing in my head. About a week later during the night those noises were repeated. (They did not disturb my friend in his sleep.) I forgot to ask him for an explanation but the following day our landlady explained: "I have a very attractive lady staying with me. We keep her confined in a nice room next to our kitchen. She occasionally bursts out into the most God-awful cussing of the most terrible sort. Then my maid and I, and the lady's nurse, rattle all the pots and pans to drown out that unseemly language from reaching the ears of our other guests. I cannot imagine where this refined person learned all those terrible words."

My friend introduced me to his circle of young people. One was a stocky chap who liked to talk philosophy. Unexpectedly one evening he asked if I boxed. I

answered that my older brother, David, always had boxing gloves around our home. My friends and I often used them. "Very interesting" said this chap. We happened to be at the local "Y" when he put that question to me. In response to my answer he took a set of boxing gloves from a locker, handed me a pair and slipped gloves on his hands. We started on a mild sort of sparring. As we went at each other, this new friend began spouting philosophy. I was surprised and amused. The action went something like this: "... the illusion of reality..." he takes a swing at me, I side step ... "man's destiny blah, blah, blah..." we exchange punch-taps. This went on for several sessions during the following two weeks. One evening while we were trading light punches and he was quoting from Nietzsche I sort of swung at his head. He ducked very vigorously and quite low, hitting his left cheekbone against my right hip bone. The guy's head bounced back like a ball from a bat. In a few minutes his eye had a "shiner" a black eye. Mr. Philosopher ran to the locker where the gloves had been, he looked at a small mirror on the locker door ... made a "take" ... turned to me with the saddest accusing gaze. I explained what really happened, but he implied I gave him a hard upper cut punch. That terminated our philosophical exercises. I also had a souvenir of that bout. When I returned to my place I looked at my hip bone and found that I had a "shiner" there that matched my new pal's black eye. Some future cartoon material came out of this incon-

gruous combination of involved conversation with physical activities. I had several such cartoons published in "The New Yorker."

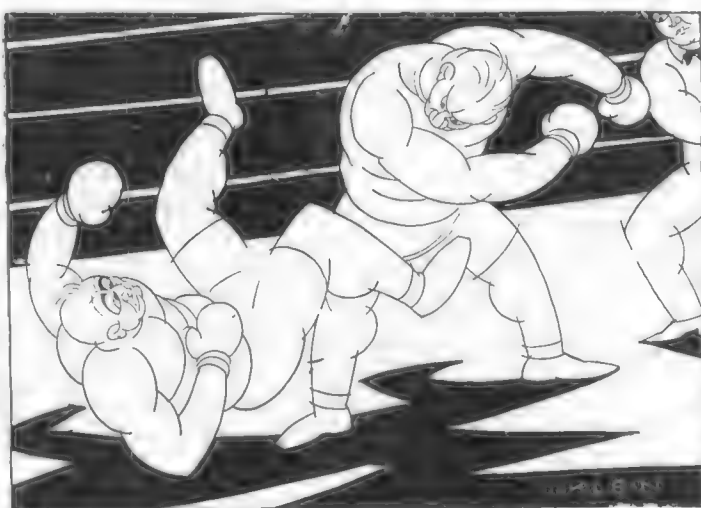
My boyhood friend, who was responsible for my coming to this country-town and with whom I stayed, did me a fine favor. It was a most pleasant summer of work and play, but he turned out to be a wet blanket. He was in a depressed state. The reason: On his visits home he fell in love with the 18 year old piano teacher who taught his six-year-old niece. He asked her to marry him when he was in his Junior year in College. She said "Yes". Now he had regrets. During my entire stay in Hudson he was morosely scheming how to get out of this entanglement. He would try out his schemes on me. It was like an unfunny running gag. One idea was to tell the girl he was suffering from a terminal illness. Another passing thought was to enlist in the Navy. He considered from time to time other dumb escapes which I vetoed, including his demand that I write to his betrothed that he was secretly married for several years. To sign the letter as "a friend". He was still in a blue funk when I returned to New York City at the end of the Summer. P.S. He married the girl.

VACATIONING ON A FARM

Another change from the N.Y.C. atmosphere was on a farm three years later, near Pittsfield, Mass. The place took in summer boarders. I went up there with two other young artists to sketch and do some landscape etching. The boarding farm was run by a young farmer and his wife who had been a school teacher. There were four other guests. Two were New England lady school teachers. One was the daughter of one of the teachers. Her name was Theodora. Age, about sixteen. She had a sort of frozen look. The fourth was a spry old lady named Mrs. Peabody. Mrs. Peabody would be up and about at dawn, go to the nearby hills to pick a small basket full of blueberries. Those blueberries would be in hot biscuits when we came down to breakfast.

Most mornings my friends and I went each our own way to do our art thing. We ate our meals with the lady boarders. I recall a sample of dialogue at one of our meals. One of the school teachers recalled an experience: "I was in my garden at home when I observed a bluejay circling high above me. Suddenly it swooped straight down and pecked me on the head. It was most fortunate that I have this thick nest of

© The New Yorker Magazine Inc.



"Oh, yes, they make good beef stew and I like beef stew, but Gosh, they give you such big portions that you keep on eating and eating and the first thing you know you eat more than is good for you and then you know what happens."

"Oh, goodness, yes!"

hair." She patted her hair to demonstrate. "Or my head would have been injured." One of my friends remarked: "I wonder what was in your hair that attracted that bird." Cold stares came from the ladies. My foolish friend added: "I did not mean bugs or anything like that . . . I meant a bright hairpin or something." That did it. The two school teachers left the table followed by Theodora.

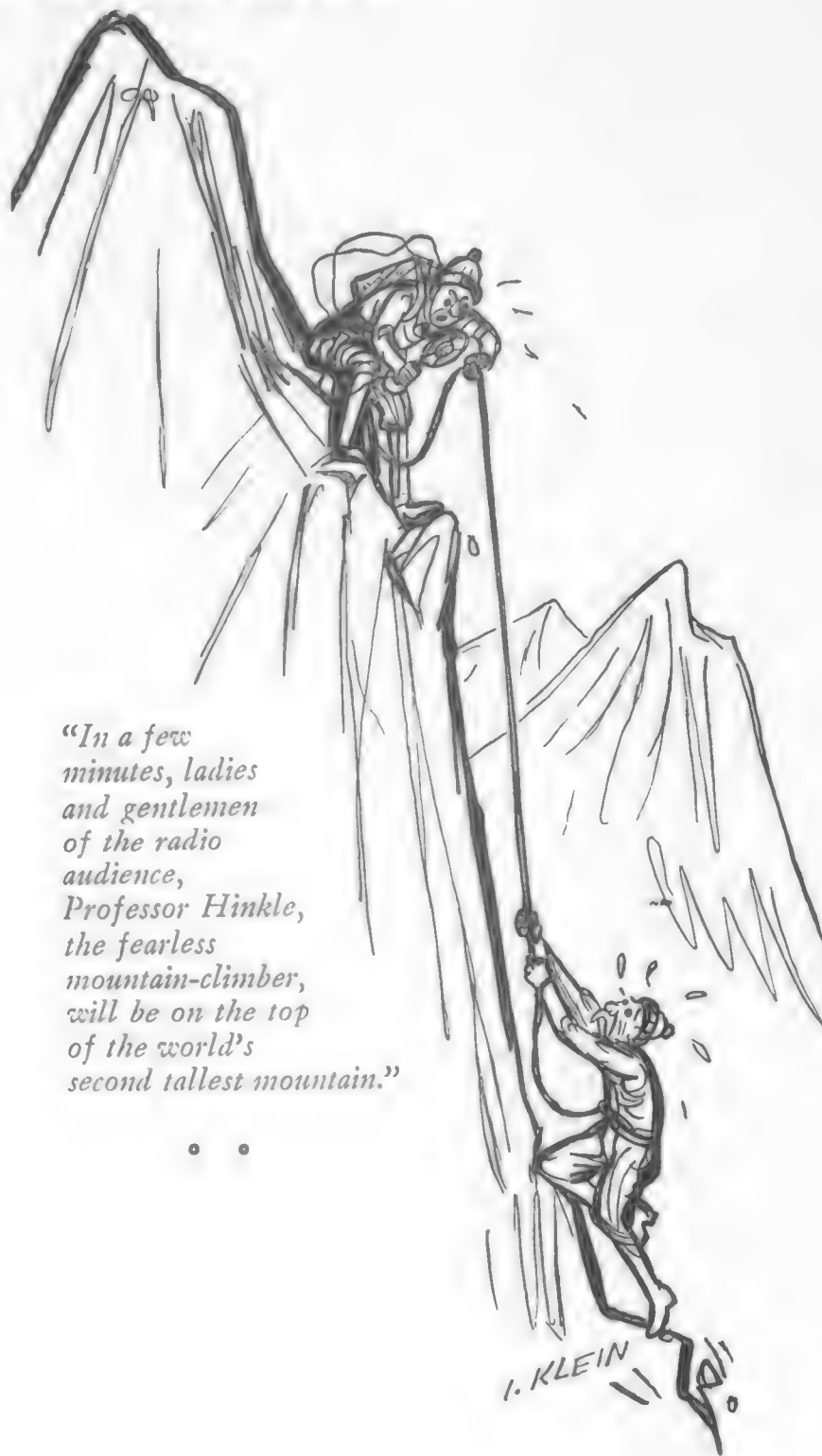
During our last weeks of our stay we were joined by another friend, Andy Byrnes. Andy knew the territory. He suggested we do a bit of mountain climbing. We should climb Mt. Greylock, the tallest peak in Massachusetts, which was located in this area. We all agreed it was a good idea. The following morning after breakfast we walked a mile to a street car which carried us to Pittsfield. From there we hiked to the base of Mt. Greylock following Andy's lead.

We crossed a flat area of grass and small rocks till we came to a road which went up at a steep angle. This road was no more than four or five feet wide. Its surface was pebbly and rocky. We followed Andy as he led the way, explaining that this was not really a road but the dried up bed of a mountain stream, it would take us up to the top in a straight line. We followed that seventy-degree slope for the greater part of an hour, reaching the top which was a flat plateau with parked cars and lots of tourists. Also a refreshment pavilion. Several men greeted us as we stepped up to level ground, wanting to know how long the climb took us. We all shrugged our shoulders and followed our leader to a tall observation tower at the center of the plateau. Up the iron steps we went to the top platform. The view was breathtaking. We were surrounded by lower peaks shaped like sugar-loafs. Then down to the refreshment pavilion for sandwiches, apple pie and coffee. We returned down the mountain by way of the winding automobile road. It was then that our leader and guide Andy Byrnes said, "I WAS TOLD THAT SOME YEARS AGO A PARTY LIKE OURS WAS GOING UP THAT DRIED UP MOUNTAIN STREAM BED, WHEN A SUDDEN MID-SUMMER CLOUDBURST SWEEPED DOWN ON THEM. IT WAS A TRAGIC MESS."

ON TO THE CHICAGO WORLD FAIR

On a rather sudden inspiration I took

© The New Yorker Magazine Inc.



"In a few minutes, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, Professor Hinkle, the fearless mountain-climber, will be on the top of the world's second tallest mountain."

• •

Drawing by I. Klein
 ©The New Yorker Magazine Inc.



A city man crosses a country road.

off on a European sketching tour with another young artist, Hank Berger. That was in 1927. The following year the travel bug bit me again, I took off alone. While in Paris I met Ann, a young American artist. We were married in New York not long afterwards. (Since 1925 I had become a regular cartoon contributor to the major magazines particularly THE NEW YORKER.) Even after our marriage we continued free and footloose. In mid-Summer of 1933, we had sent our daughter, Barbara, (my step-daughter) to summer camp. I said to Ann, "Let's drive to Chicago to see the Chicago World's Fair." Ann answered, "When shall we start?" My answer was, "Tomorrow." We immediately withdrew the amount of cash we figured we needed from our savings account ... phoned a few relatives and friends ... packed two suitcases with clothes and things ... and began our drive the following morning before dawn.

Our destination for the first lap of our adventure was Pittsburgh, Pa., 400 miles away. By noontime we were deep in Pennsylvania in a town named Wintergreen, and time for a lunch break. A sign "Restaurant" attracted our attention. The sign was over a saloon-looking place but it could not be a saloon since PROHIBITION was still the Law of the Land. After parking our car we went inside. The first impression was of a saloon. There was a bar with a mirror behind it, but no liquor bottles were on display and no bartender. Four or five men were sitting around "cracker-barreling." They saw we were strangers. One of them pointed to a side door, saying, "There is the eating place." Ann and I went through that door, found ourselves in a small yard which was definitely an eating place. A long table was set for meal time with about a dozen sturdy men eating. A waitress beckoned us to two empty chairs. The table was loaded with meats of several varieties ... thick slices of boiled beef, roast beef, boiled potatoes, pickles, radishes, cole slaw, lots of bread and pies cut into quarters. All the big men at the table were young, more like overgrown boys. It was obvious they were truck drivers. They gorged themselves, not with the substantial foods but with the pies, stowing away one wedge of pie after another. Ann asked the fellow sitting next to her, "How old are you?" Answer, (With a mouthful of apple pie). "Twenty-four." Ann: "Didn't your mother tell you to eat meat and solid food and not to stuff yourself with pies?" Young truck driver, "Yep. But she ain't here ... ha-

ha-ha." Our fellow diners left before we did. We had a substantial meal, winding up with pie and milk. Our check for this banquet was fifty cents each.

Our destination of course was Chicago, but we made a two day stop over in Pittsburgh, Ann's hometown. We were welcomed there by relatives and friends who showed us a fine time. These two days wound up with a long night of celebrating, which left us with about three hours of sleep. We kept to our schedule, driving off again at dawn to cover the remaining five hundred miles to Chicago. By the time we were approaching Fort Wayne, Indiana, we had covered two-thirds of the distance, but I was getting woozy at the wheel and driving sort of cockeyed. I believe I knocked off a chicken running across the road. We drove into Fort Wayne, parked our car in front of a house with a sign: "TRANSIENTS". We engaged a room for the night and walked to a nearby restaurant. Neither of us did justice to our meal. Too tired and too sleepy to eat. For a beverage I ordered a glass of beer. It was "Prohibition" type beer, called near-beer. I sipped only a mouthful, leaving most of the beer in the glass. Then back to our "transient" room and to bed even though it was still daylight.

THE GHOST OF A GLASS OF BEER

No trouble falling asleep even though the room was hot and stuffy. I awoke, it was dark outside and I was terribly thirsty. The water from the bathroom tap was not a thirst quencher, it tasted like melted chewing gum. Back to bed. I seemed to have fallen asleep again . . . I awoke with that sticky thirst still with me. I opened my eyes, looking into the darkness of the room. There, suspended in mid-air, was the almost full glass of near-beer I had left un-drunk in the restaurant. I am not kidding, there it was, real as life, very tempting. I closed my eyes several times, each time I opened them it was still there. I must have really fallen asleep after that and Ann was shaking me to wake up. It was dawn and time to be on our way.

CHICAGO

When we arrived in Chicago we lunched and looked for a hotel. We picked an elegant looking place with a palatial lobby, probably expensive, but what-th'-heck, we were on a lark. (Hotel room rates at that slot in time were reasonable.) Anyway, no rooms were available, due to the Fair, and several

© Colliers Magazine



conventions in town. (It turned out to be most fortunate, as I will relate later.) We had to try several other hotels until we succeeded in a high rise hotel in the same general area. Our room was on the twelfth floor with a panoramic view of Chicago. As soon as we were settled, Ann said she had the phone number of a childhood girlfriend from Pittsburgh. This friend was a professional dancer who was performing in this city. Her name was Yvette. When Ann reached her on the telephone, Yvette insisted in coming right over, which she did within a half hour. The visit was brief but affectionate. Yvette made a date with us for the following evening. The date was with her and her fiancé, who was an assistant district attorney. We were to pick her up at the place where she danced. We spent the rest of the day at The Fair and department stores browsing.

THEN CAME THE DELUGE

Our second day in Chicago turned out particularly to be a day to remember. We spent the morning and early afternoon at the Fair and had an early dinner at our hotel restaurant. Then, up to our room to get ready for our date with Yvette and her friend. When we were ready to leave, we saw through our window it was starting to rain. We put on our raincoats, grabbed an umbrella and took the elevator to the lobby. We found the lobby very crowded and everybody dripping wet. We pushed through to the entrance . . . it sure was raining. I never saw anything like it . . . a solid wall of water outside, held back by the closed glass doors . . . impossible to reach our parked car in the parking lot across the street. We would have drowned if we had tried. The deluge lasted for about a half hour. Suddenly it was over. All clear!

We picked up Yvette. She said, "We are going to a famous nightclub on the Lake Shore. You kids are our guests there."

It was after dark by the time we got started, with Yvette giving driving directions, first through the city streets, then into a park. Going through the park was a short-cut, so the lady said.

WHAT WAS ALL THAT DIGGING ABOUT?

The park was illuminated very sparsely. The lamp posts were spread far apart. I followed the route as I was told. After a while I started to doubt if we

were taking a short-cut. We seemed to be driving endlessly. The park was deserted, neither cars nor people to be seen. Yvette then confessed she was uncertain as to the way out of the park. We drove around some more, when at a turn we saw a lantern being held up by a man. He was standing on the grass at the side of a tall bush. There was another man with a spade who seemed to have been interrupted in the act of digging. There was a third man partly visible behind that tall bush. I pulled up to the man with the lantern: "Excuse me friend, can you tell me the way out of this park." He cheerfully gave me directions . . . to drive straight ahead for about a mile to the first cross road, turn right and that would take us out into the street. "Thanks friend," I said. We were out into the street traffic in ten minutes. Yvette got her bearings. Ann said to me, "I wonder what your *friends* were digging there at this hour. Furthermore, there was no park maintenance truck in sight." I wise-cracked, "Bang, bang. Another injun bit the dust. Cowboy burying unfriendly injun."

LAKE SHORE NIGHT CLUB

No more trouble finding our destination, a nightclub located on the shore of Lake Michigan. In the darkness the lake looked like the Atlantic Ocean. We were shown to a reserved table where Yvette's boyfriend was waiting for us. He was an earnest looking young man. It was an evening of food, drinks and entertainment. The headliner was a big name at that time, Ted Lewis, wearing his battered stove pipe hat. There were other acts, including a performing pig. In the course of our chatting I told Mr. Assistant District Attorney of our encounter with the diggers in the park. Ann chimed in that I suspected a body was being dug-under. I quickly remarked that I was only kidding. Mr. Assist. D.A.: "In Chicago these days . . . who knows, these things do happen." After a while he asked if we were acquainted with the name of Jake the Barber. Of course we knew that name. The newspapers at that time in the early 1930's were full of his exploits. Jake the Barber was a notorious international "confidence" man. I added that according to the press he had been kidnapped, held for a high ransom and was released only after the ransom was paid. "All true", said Mr. A.D.A. "As a matter of fact, this night club we are in now was somehow involved in the kidnapping of Jake the Barber." The subject was

dropped. Our little party remained into the small hours. We drove Yvette and her friend back into town. We thanked them for a very generous treat.

TEXAS GUINAN

We remained in Chicago for a week, mostly doing The Fair. As I mentioned earlier, we were unable to get a room in that first hotel. That turned out to be fortunate for us. The sudden deluge we experienced flooded the sub-street level of that particular hotel. The food for their restaurant was stored in their extensive basement. The flooding broke drainage pipes, causing an overflow down there from the hotel toilets which contaminated the food supply. Many of the hotel patrons who ate in their restaurant became seriously ill. Eventually there were some fatalities. Among those stricken was a famous Prohibition Era entertainer, Texas Guinan.

Texas Guinan lived in that hotel with her troupe while entertaining there. She was *the* prime nightclub entertainer during the years when the sale of liquor was prohibited by the United States Constitution, the notorious 18th Amendment. To many she was the symbol of that mad era. Texas Guinan moved around the country with her nightclub act. She was witty, full of wise cracks . . . her most famous gibe was in her greeting to her audience: "HELLO SUCKER!". Her booking at this hotel where she also had her meals at the time of the tremendous downpour "did her in." Her death was the result of food poisoning. She died November 5th, 1933, just one month to a day before the 21st Amendment, which cancelled the 18th, was ratified. She made her exit with the curtain going down on Prohibition.

After leaving Chicago and some more touring around, we returned to New York City. We were again reminded of Jake the Barber when Ann received a letter from Yvette. An excerpt: ". . . that nightclub where we spent a fun evening burned down to the ground not long after you left Chicago. Suspected is the club's connection with the kidnapping of Jake the Barber."

UNANSWERED QUESTION

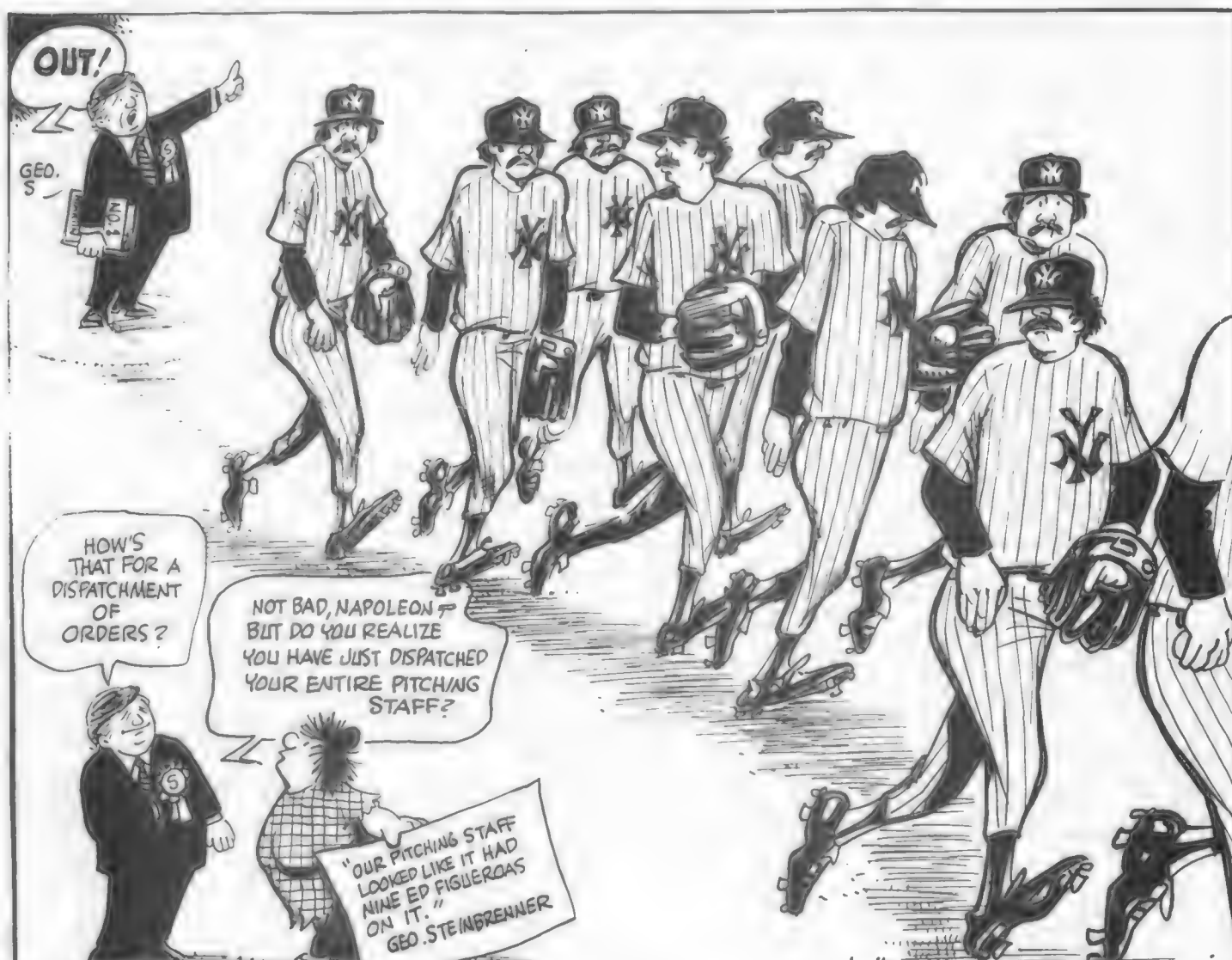
There is one loose end dangling from that Chicago visit: What or who was being buried by lantern light in that park at night the Summer of 1933?

THE END ●

CARTOONIST AND PAINTER



L to R: Bundini (Ali's trainer), Bill Gallo, and Ali at a roast for Ali at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem in February of 1980.



BILL GALLO, the sports cartoonist for *The Daily News* in New York City, has done a number of paintings of some of his friends in the sports world, which will form the basis of a one-man show during February of 1981 at the Spectrum Fine Art Gallery, 30 West 57th Street in New York City. We've noted that our readers are always interested in hearing what else a cartoonist does beside his regular stint, and here is one very exciting answer. Following is a conversation between Gallo, Bill Goff, the owner of the Spectrum Gallery, and CP Editor, Jud Hurd.

Q: What started the wheels in motion for this show of Bill Gallo's paintings?

Goff: I first met Bill in conjunction with a show that Spectrum did called "Athlete as Artist". Rocky Graziano, for instance, had a couple of works of art that he had done in the show, and at a press conference Rocky and Bill drew each other. That occasion was the first time I had met Bill — then shortly

thereafter I took a boxing art show to New Orleans for the Ali-Spinks fight, and I had another contact with him on that occasion. I had told Bill from time to time that I'd like to borrow some things from him for group shows, and one day he mentioned that he had an idea to do a whole series of Basement Bertha celebrity favorites, and wondered if we could feature this collection in a one-man show. I said, "Absolutely — why didn't you say something sooner?"

Q: Do most of the shows at the Spectrum gallery deal with sports subjects?

Goff: The gallery specializes in sport-related art, and since it opened three years ago it has featured almost exclusively this type of art in one way or another — either athletes who paint, or the subject matter being sports.

Q: Are the paintings in these various shows for sale?

Goff: I'd say 90 to 95% of them are for sale.

Q: When will the show be scheduled?

Goff: Probably for the entire month of February. I might add that another thing that appeals to me about the show is that it isn't *exclusively* confined to sports and that occasionally it gets outside that area. This fits right into the format of the gallery — when I started I didn't want to limit myself just to sports, but I did want sports to be a specialty. So I was particularly pleased that Bill included non-sports-figures such as President Carter, Zero Mostel, Frank Sinatra, Picasso, Sonny Werblin, and so on.

Q: Bill, how did you decide on a theme for the show?

Gallo: Well, I suggested "Friends of Basement Bertha" or "Basement Bertha's Favorite People" and Bill Goff seemed to like both of these.

Q: For the benefit of readers who don't see your sports cartoons in *The Daily News* in N.Y. regularly, would you say



Photos by Ed Peterson







Bill Galt



something about 'Basement Bertha' who appears often in your cartoons?

Gallo: Basement Bertha symbolizes the 'loser', although she doesn't take losing all that seriously. She respects winning but she realizes she's dealing with a game, when all is said and done, and a game, to all intents and purposes, is to entertain. I started drawing her with the first-year N.Y. Mets baseball team, when the Mets sole character was Casey Stengel — a wonderful guy to draw. But I had to have a buffer for Casey, so instead of going with a bum, such as the one which had been done so beautifully by Willard Mullin, or with a clown, I thought of a pixie washerwoman, who had some of the philosophy of Sancho Panza in Don Quixote.

Q: You're getting a big kick out of your painting, aren't you?

Gallo: I'm having so much fun doing these paintings — I can't wait to get home — I leave the office after having done my cartoon, delighted because I know that I have a painting at work. Somehow this has given me some new freedom in doing the sports cartoon. These paintings have become almost an obsession with me — sometimes I wake up at 4 o'clock in the morning and realize that I've left something out of one of them, so I'll get up and finish it. Some of them have been whimsical things, done on the spur of the moment. For instance I did the one showing Basement Bertha challenging Bjorn Borg, on the same night he lost to John McEnroe in the U.S. Open.

Q: Did you work from photographs, Bill?

Gallo: Right.

Q: Any other comments on any of the paintings?

Gallo: I went to see the Picasso Show at the Museum of Modern Art, came home, and did the painting of him very spontaneously. I think I was a little bit influenced in doing it by Picasso's boldness. Some of the colors I used I've seen in his work — such as the earth color along with the blue.

Q: Can you say something about this experience that might help other cartoonists who may want to take a crack at painting?

A: I didn't study painting in art school, and at one time I was afraid of colors and thought I was color-blind. But then I started to do some color covers for football programs, and gained some experience. But now, for the first time, with this acrylic painting, I've put colors down without worrying about them. I like to use acrylics because they enable you to keep going over things you don't like — and you don't have to get everything right the first time. And of course the acrylics dry in five minutes. The first painting I did was of the boxer Joe Frazier and his trainer Eddie Futch. Futch is regarded as one of the most humanitarian fight trainers in the game — a wonderful human being. The next ones were Howard Cosell and Frank Gifford. At first I thought of calling that one "Beauty and the Beast" but I figured that was too cruel so I decided on "The Odd Couple".

I know there are some cartoonists that don't dare paint, although a lot of them do of course. But I urge those who haven't so far to get right into it because they're going to have more fun! It will help their work, and they'll find that they work a lot looser with their cartoons after they've started painting. Working in one medium seems to help the other.

As an old newspaperman, I have to have a deadline — so I asked Bill Goff to give me a deadline and I went to work!

I'm very anxious to get into sculpture too.

Goff: I want first option on that show!

Jim Alley... Editorial Cartoonist



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

WEN A MAN HIT YUH FUH A
JOB NOW-DAYS TAIN' NO USE
ER-AXIN' 'IM EF HE DRINKS,
CASE EF HE WUZ RICH
ER-NOUGH T' 'FOHD LICKUH
DESE TIMES HE WOULDN'
NEED NO JOB!



by
**Gordon
Campbell**



Copyright, 1913, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Once again Gordon Campbell, the noted cartoon historian, and his wife, Mary, discuss their favorite subject — cartooning. Here they talk about editorial cartoonist, Jim Alley.

Mary:

Do you remember a little cartoon panel called "Hambone's Meditations" that ran many years ago? My Grandmother read it every day and talked a lot about how she enjoyed Hambone's ebony countenance and his homey philosophy.

Gordon:

I'm glad you mentioned that feature. We'll pull out some of Jim Alley's clippings and try to do an article about him for Cartoonist PROfiles.

Mary:

Will anyone be interested in cartoon history of that era?

Gordon:

I think that those who care little about our past are unlikely to care much about the future.

Mary:

I believe you told me that Jack Knox worked with Jim Alley over in Memphis.

Gordon:

Yes. Back in the early 30's Jack got his first cartooning job on The Commercial Appeal. Jim Alley enjoyed encouraging fledgling artists. He was always courte-

ous and attentive when they came to his office seeking advice. He had been ill a long time — for more than a year, yet the symptoms of Hodgkin's disease which claimed him appeared even before that. By 1934, as his strength failed him, his cartoons became more and more infrequent but when he did quit it was not because he himself willed it but because of the pleadings of his doctors. Hambone's creator died on April 16, 1934 but Hambone lived on until 1961, bylined by members of the Alley family.

Mary:

Who carried on Alley's work?

Gordon:

The political cartoon job was turned over to Jack Knox, ready or not. Jack was nineteen when he went to Memphis but with his quick skill and his ready flow of ideas he soon became a highly respected cartoonist. Calvin Alley, scarcely 18, younger son of Jim Alley and youngest member of the family, had been drawing the daily Hambone cartoon under the guidance of his father and Mrs. Alley. Even the closest followers of Hambone were not aware that there had been a change. One or two friends did remark, that they knew Jim was ill because the lettering was not the same. Then, too, through the years that Hambone had been philosophizing there had been Mrs. Alley at Jim's side, until

she had become an indispensable part of the combination.

Calvin Alley had just graduated from high school. Guided by his mother, he had been working for many months with his father in preparing the Hambone drawings. His only previous experience was in contributing illustrations to sportsmen's magazines.

The Bell Syndicate was anxious to continue the Hambone feature and welcomed the news that Calvin Alley would carry on with the daily cartoons under his mother's supervision.

Mary:

What was Jim Alley's background for cartoon work?

Gordon:

He was born in Benton, Arkansas in 1885, the son of a Methodist minister. He received all his education in the Benton school system. Jim Alley, as a boy, had little interest in books and such, but he did love pencils and paper and showed remarkable talent in drawing. When he left school, he became an apprentice to a potter. But the potter's wheel did not satisfy his desire to do creative work. He became dissatisfied and went to Little Rock, Arkansas, to seek a different type of work. There he found a job in an engraving plant. He had an indefatigable willingness to work and made good in his new found skill.

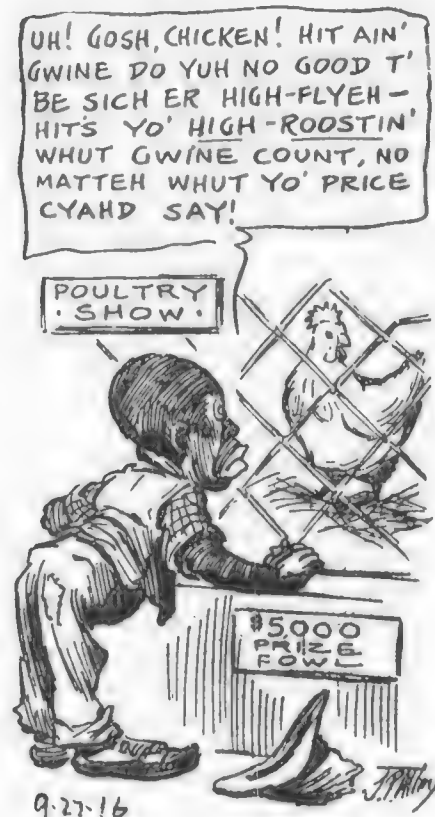
Cartoons interested him mightily — he tried his hand at it and once in a while he succeeded in selling one.

Finally he was able to reach Memphis. The old Bluff City Engraving Company, which had been developed out of the original engraving plant of The Commercial Appeal, hired him. Jim Alley became one of a group of commercial artists.

Memphis experienced a particularly bitter political campaign in 1915. The Commercial Appeal needed a cartoonist. The engraving plant was periodically commissioned to furnish cartoons for publication. Jim Alley wanted to be a cartoonist. He managed to see the editor and showed him samples of his work. Mr. Mooney was interested. In October, Alley drew one which he thought would particularly appeal to the paper's managing editor. It was based on the paper's policy for agricultural diversification. Mr. Mooney liked it and it appeared on October 15, 1915, the first of the thousands of Alley cartoons that were to follow.

From then on, and particularly during the heated political campaigns, the Alley cartoons made their appearance in The Commercial Appeal. Finally he was told by his employers that he would

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS.



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

FUH GOODNESS SAKE! AH
SUTNY IS PROUD DE GOOD
LAWD AIN' MADE A MULE
SO IT DAT HAHD T' TELL
ONE END OB AM FUM
T'OTHEH!!!



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley

DIS HEAH LIFE AIN' NO
PICNIC; EN EF 'TWUZ
US WOULD GIT MIGHTY
TIRED O' SODY-POP EN
DINNUH ON DE GROUN'!



(Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley

DE MO' A NIGGUH EN
A MULE FUSSES, DE
MO' BETTUH DEY GITS
LONG -- EF DE NIGGUH
KNOWS HE BIZ'NESS!!



(Copyright, 1923, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

have to choose between cartooning and his position with the engraving company. Jim Alley became The Commercial Appeal's cartoonist early in 1916. Within another year the United States was involved in World War I. Alley's cartoons during that period were nothing short of a tremendous inspiration. He grasped its magnitude and he had a fine sense of its tragedies. Patriotism and idealism were spoken by his pen. Years, and the constant graphic portrayal of the news events and their significance brought with them development for Alley's talent.

The rise of the Ku Klux Klan, and his employment on a newspaper deeply committed to tolerance and liberalism, gave him great opportunity. The Commercial Appeal's vigorous fight against the Ku Klux Klan found Mr. Alley in an inspired mood. As the result of the strong crusade, the Pulitzer prize in journalism was awarded The Com-

mercial Appeal for the year 1923. The advisory committee apparently threw up their hands, for no award was made that year for cartoons.

The Pulitzer Prize for an editorial cartoon was first awarded in 1922, and the prize went to Rollin Kirby of the New York World. A rather poor example of the cartoonist's work, as regards craftsmanship but highly successful as a reflection of public opinion, the day it appeared in print.

Mr. Alley's friends have always been proud of the fact that the Pulitzer committee specifically weighed the importance of the cartoons with the handling of the news in making the final decision on the award. In all probability, Jim Alley will be more generally remembered by his famous cartoon of the 1924 presidential campaign, than any other. He took advantage of a popular song of the day "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More". Mr. Alley had a doleful Republican elephant singing a parody,

"O, We Ain' Gwine Steal No Mo" and a very vigorous and assertive Democratic donkey coming in on the chorus, "But How'n The 'Ell Kin The Country Tell — "You Ain' Gwine Steal No Mo?"

The scandals of the Harding administration, especially that of the Teapot Dome oil lease deal had shaken the country. Jim Alley's cartoon shook it with laughter. The Democratic national committee distributed thousands of copies. Newspapers from all sections of the country reproduced it and applauded it editorially.

Jim Alley had arrived years before that. If he had not, that cartoon alone would have made him.

Mary:

Let's get back to talking about Hambone.

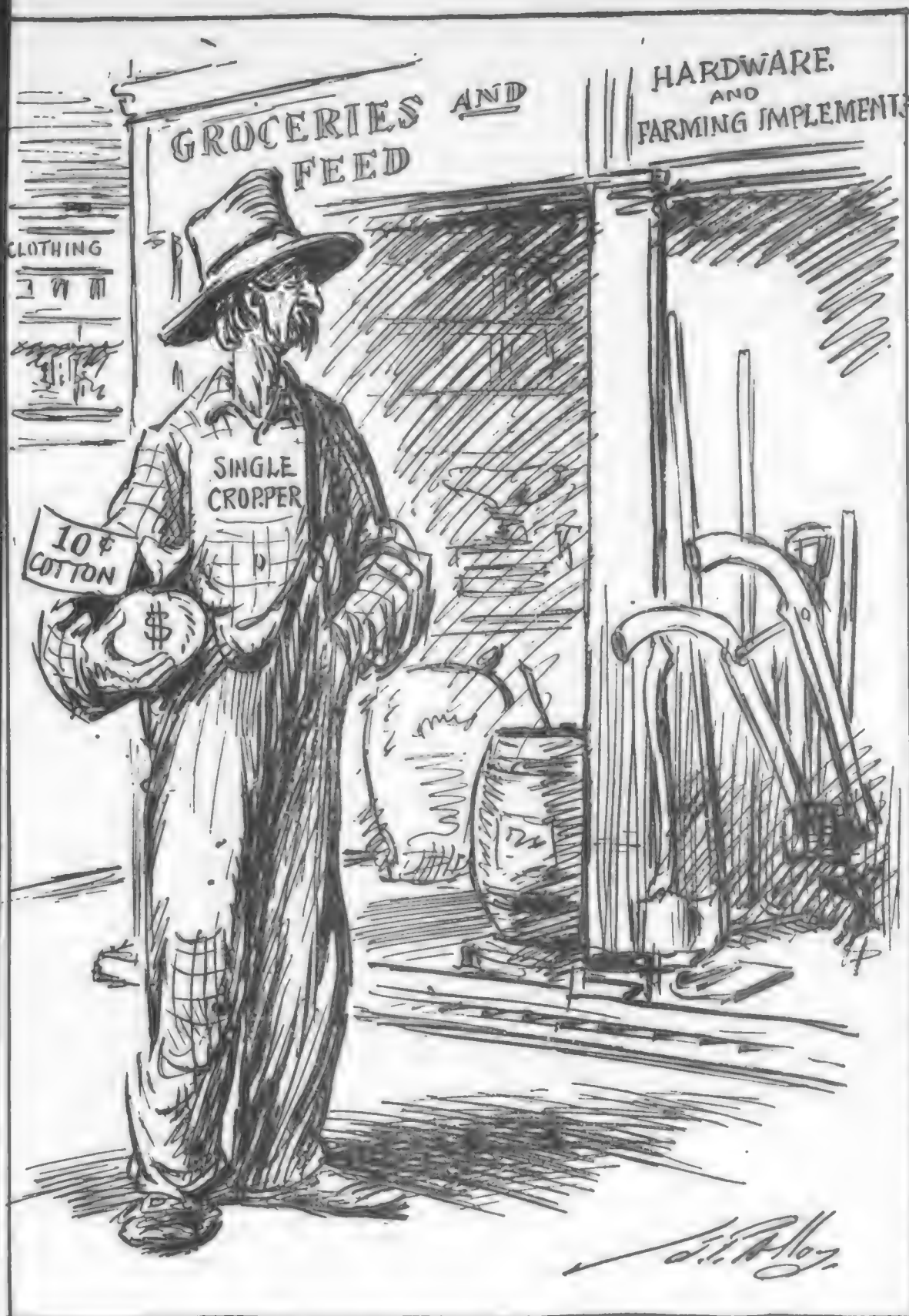
Gordon:

Hambone was a creation distinct from the political cartoon, yet he was born of the political cartoon. In some of the early Commercial Appeal cartoons,

10-2-18 "DON'T LET THE HUN GET UP!"



HELP THE BOYS HOLD HIM DOWN—LIBERTY BONDS WILL DO IT!



HIS "MONEY CROP"!

Alley adopted the figure of a negro as the distinctive personage of his drawings in which generally and specifically, Hambone had a place. That was the custom of that particular period of cartooning.

Hambone's popularity as a cartoon figure was so immediate that Alley conceived the idea of a separate feature. He drew a few and they were submitted

to a syndicate. Other newspapers, first in the south, and later in other parts of the country, bought it. At the time of Alley's death it appeared in 75 newspapers throughout the country. Many had thought Hambone was patterned after a particular person. There was really no original in fact. The basis was the negroes Alley had known in his boyhood days in Arkansas. The actual

Hambone was a composite of many negro characters. The sayings were the creations of Mr. Alley's brain, of things he had overheard or had been told by friends.

During the week he would sketch and jot down on note paper the things he would say. Friday night always saw the drawings completed and ready to mail to the syndicate.

Mary:

Has there been any similar feature to Hambone?

Gordon:

No. The closest thing to it was Kin Hubbard's "Abe Martin" but it didn't use negro characters. And George Bingham's "Dog Hill Paragraphs" and "Rye Straw Sayings" were backwoods and country humor. George Bingham was a newspaper editor from Mayfield, Kentucky. He and Alley were close friends and had much in common. Both had sons that followed in their father's footsteps. Calvin and his brother J.P. continued to produce the "Hambone" panel. Calvin Alley began his career on the Kansas City Journal and in 1942 came to the Nashville Banner to fill the position vacated by Ed Holland. In 1945 he stepped into the job his father, the late Jim Alley, filled long and ably.

Danny, the son of George Bingham, became a top-notch editorial writer and worked for the Nashville Banner for many years.

Mary:

Jim Alley must have been recognized as one of America's great cartoonists.

Gordon:

I guess you would say that fame came to him, but he did not recognize it. He did not know why newspapers elsewhere should try to tempt him with offers. He loved his home and friends. He had found happiness in The Commercial Appeal and in Memphis. He lived a full life and was content. ●

We called him Alfred...



Al
Capp

Capp portrait by Stan Drake.

Many *CARTOONIST PROFILES* readers have requested another story about AL CAPP and his fabulous 'Li'l Abner'. However, all of the details of his long career have been printed everywhere so many times, that we decided on a different approach to satisfy those readers. In our issue #37, for March 1978, we ran a long article about Al's professional life so this time we asked Al's brother, Elliott, if he would recall, for our pages, some personal anecdotes that only a member of Al's family would know. He was happy to do so, noting that these aren't of epic proportions, but rather smaller moments during the past 60 years. Elliott, as many of you know, is the highly successful creator of a number of popular syndicated newspaper features, and he has scripted many of the top strips, although he prefers to have a low profile, as far as his accomplishments are concerned. We are indebted to him for these family reminiscences.

We called him Alfred — never Al. Alfred was twelve and the artificial leg pained him so he preferred his crutch to the clumsy wooden peg that was guaranteed to provide the boy with a fluid mobility that would have enabled him to walk swiftly, and even run, were he to practice the heaving forward motion that was to simulate normal locomotion. So he pushed the leg under the bed and sat in his chair and drew pictures on the hotel stationery our father brought home to New Haven after each of his trips to a mysterious region my mother always referred to as "the midwest". Alfred had lost his leg when he was nine, and the image of his intent face, canted over the kitchen table, his pencil in his right hand, is still vivid in my mind. I was five, the third boy in the family. The second was Bence, also known as Jerry, and there was a younger sister, Madeline. It was 1920 and we knew we had won a war. The remote conflict that was important to many people was not nearly as crucial to us as the "accident" that was to affect all our growing years. We lived in New Haven, Connecticut, a smallish city insulating the majesty of Yale University. That was where the

accident happened on August 20th, on Congress Avenue, at 2:30 P.M. It was a warm, sunny day and Alfred had hopped a horse-drawn ice wagon to snatch a cold shard to refresh himself.

The trolley car was only feet behind Alfred when he leaped from the ice wagon.

Until he died on November 5th of this year, nobody ever heard Alfred complain about the loss of his leg. Not that he ever accepted the event as a punishment or an act of God. As far as I know, he never accepted it at all. But at some point he must have decided that discussing it or analyzing it, or accusing somebody of negligence had no point. So why waste energy on tears.

Instead of tears, he had his anger. Perhaps it was the same thing. But nobody bothered to explore the dimensions of his nine-year-old responses to a cataclysm. At least I didn't. I pulled him in his wagon wherever he wanted to go. By the time Alfred had reached his twelfth birthday, I had become adept at pulling the wagon. The leg, now ludicrously short for his growing body, was shoved deeper under the bed. It would be another year before my father and mother could find the money to have a new leg fashioned for Alfred. A leg proportioned to his lengthened form. My brother had always been a prodigious reader. After the accident, when he wasn't drawing, he was reading. The three boys shared one bedroom which meant that Bence and I had to learn to sleep with the light on. Alfred could never just close his eyes and go to sleep. He had to read himself into unconsciousness . . . When I awoke in the morning there would be my brother, his head off the bed, directly above the book on the floor, open to the page that had triggered sleep, finally.

We would complain about the light in our eyes, and Alfred would obligingly fashion a shield out of cardboard or wrap a sweater or stocking around the bulb to mute the glare.



Through a miracle possibly wrought by our mother's enduring belief that if you talk to anybody long enough with frequent reminders of his responsibility something happens, cardboard fires sputtered and harmlessly expired in the small hours of the morning. My mother's persuasive powers fell short, however, of preventing fuzzy carbon-ringed holes from puncturing the sweaters Bence and I wore. Both he and I adolcesced, carefully documenting the story of the holey sweaters to impressed peers. Very few of them had brothers who read themselves to sleep. And after a time we became experts in sleeping in lit rooms where small fires extinguished themselves while three growing boys got their rest.

Pulling Alfred in the wagon had become almost a daily ritual, weather permitting. In the beginning it was immediate neighborhood exploring. My mother had sternly forbid me to pull my elder brother across streets, especially those



where trolley cars ran. I would have been content, if not actually intimidated, by mama's directive. But not Alfred. His restless mind and eye yearned for new scenes.

Little by little, I pulled the wagon farther and farther from home, urged by a persuasive and often threatening Alfred.

Several years ago I had a strange experience harking back to that time of Alfred's accident. I was about 4 1/2 and he was 9. We lived in New Haven, and because the three youngest of the four children — my brother Bence, Madeline, and myself — had had whooping cough the previous winter, my mother had taken us that August to one of those conglomerate-type farms where families rented rooms and used a common kitchen for cooking, because they weren't wealthy enough to do anything more elaborate. That year we went to Guilford, Connecticut, maybe twelve or fifteen miles outside of New Haven, and all of us occupied one room at Cohen's farm. And on this day, August 20th actually, my mother got a telephone

call, which in itself was very unusual. (Alfred had been staying with his grandmother in New Haven, to skip yet another grade — he was a brilliant boy, always skipping grades.) The telephone call came through, and I remember the scene very vividly — it was late in the



afternoon — the phone was one of those old-fashioned phones since this was 60-odd years ago — and I could hear my mother saying, "Is he alive?" She was in a state of suspended hysteria, we were shooed out of the room by some of the neighbors, and that night my father arrived in his little Ford to take us back to New Haven. My mother was in the front seat with him, we three children were in the back, and I heard my mother say (although I was only 4 1/2 at the time I remember it vividly), "Does he have blood poisoning?" My father said, "Yes", and then she said, "Can they get Dr. Verdi?" (Dr. Verdi was the outstanding surgeon in the New Haven area.) My father said, "They're trying to get him — he's out on the Sound." I even remember the pattern of the shadows of the leaves on the road caused by the flickering headlights of this old Model-T Ford. They brought us to my grandmother's house where we spent the next few days

and there my recall stops. But let me tell you what happened one summer recently when my wife and I were driving through Connecticut on our way to Massachusetts to see one of our children at camp. Now, of course, there are superhighways where once there were 2-lane dirt roads, but at one point, when we both got thirsty, I took the first available smaller road off the highway to find someplace to get a drink. And I suddenly had a strange feeling that I'd been there before. When my wife asked "Where?", I said, "This is where Cohen's farm was!" At that we passed a little sign along the road reading 'Cohen-Fresh Eggs'. I stopped the car, and in just shorts and sneakers I went up to the farmhouse and knocked on the back door. A little old lady came out, eyeing me suspiciously because I looked like

someone from the beach. I said, "Is there a David Cohen here?" It seems there was, but not thinking, I asked, "Does he have black, curly hair and red cheeks?" (The guy was 15 at the time of the accident 50 years before.) She said, "Well, my husband is David — he doesn't have much hair and I don't think his cheeks are red but he's in the chicken house. I asked if she could call him, after which out came a man who was indeed David. I said, "Do you remember a Mrs. Caplin, and her three children who were here 50 years ago, at the time when another son of hers had been in a terrible accident?" "Yes — yes", he said, "Didn't that boy grow up to be the famous cartoonist?"

Al would sit at his drawing board with his first watercolor set, which had been bought by an Uncle George — gone these many years — either in the living room or sometimes in the front of our house on Stevens Street in New Haven when the weather was good. He'd paint and I remember that all the kids in the neighborhood thought it was miraculous that he could draw pictures. I guess when I was about 8, we moved for 6 months to Brooklyn, and because he was a 'cripple' in the school's parlance, they put him in a class of retarded children because he wasn't normal — he had only one leg. Of course it was a brutal class, with a bunch of real young criminals, and the only way he could survive in this terrible, physically-threatening atmosphere, was through his talent — he could draw pictures. So, instead of beating him up, they began to admire him, and mostly they wanted pictures of their teacher — *nude!* So he survived because he could draw Miss Mendelsohn nude!

I was eight, he was a few years older, it was the decade of the movie serials with Pearl White and Art Acord, and Al decided that he and I would go into business. So he started drawing his first serial and he labored and labored over it — it took him almost two weeks to do three copies of a 14-page story which we sewed together and which I then sold for a nickel apiece. It pictured the adventures of somebody — I've forgotten who — and the story wound up with a cliffhanger with the hero about to drop into a pit of snakes. I sold the copies for 15 cents, turned the money over to Al and then he got tired of the project, and wouldn't do the next chapter. Well, all the kids who had bought from me, as well as their friends, massacred me! So

that was the end of that business enterprise.

Each summer as Al was growing up, he'd take off. He was very difficult for my mother to handle and she never could quite solve the problem of how to deal with a boy who had all the problems he did. So, at 13 or 14, he'd take off with his friends for Atlantic City or for Vermont. One true story has to do with an incident when he was 15 or 16 and we were living in Bridgeport. He became an inveterate cigarette smoker after having started at age 13, and one day after he had managed to get fifteen cents together for a pack of cigarettes, he told my mother that he was going to go down to the corner to get them. So he walked down to the corner, which was about 6 blocks away, with a friend of his, and we didn't hear from him for 2 weeks! What had happened was this: On the way down, with his friend Gus, they began to thumb a ride, a guy stopped for them and asked where they were going. "Down to the corner — where are you going?" "Memphis, Tennessee", said the driver. Al countered with, "I'll go with you!" They didn't. Actually go to Memphis right away — they went to someplace in Virginia, and they had just 25 cents in their pockets. We had no telephone and Al was rather careless about the amenities of keeping in touch with our mother, so for two weeks we went absolutely crazy. But eventually he did bum on down to Memphis where this same Uncle George who had given him his first drawing set was a rabbi, with his own congregation. Al and his friend Gus spent about 6 very disruptive days wrecking my poor uncle's reputation for sanctity, clean language, and good living. That tour was the beginning of Al's knowledge of the south. Obviously, he didn't see 'Li'l Abner' on the road but he always said this was the beginning of his southern period which lasted most of his life.

My father moved around quite a bit — we were born in New Haven, went to several years of high school in Bridgeport, then moved to Boston where I went to high school and Alfred went to a series of art schools where he eventually met his wife, Catherine. Boston, of course, became his home town — and he stayed there the rest of his life.

My favorite anecdote has to do with the time when I was 17, in 1931, and ready to go off to college. I had applied to an eastern school and gotten in but the

family didn't have the money to send me, so I got myself adopted by an uncle who lived in Ohio so I could go to a state university. In those years Massachusetts and Connecticut state universities were not of any consequence, and since Ohio State University was a well-known school, I decided I would go out there. We had no money — I think I had three or four dollars in my pocket — with the confidence of youth and maybe a little insanity, I guess I trusted that somehow I'd make it. I passed through New York City where Alfred had gone to work for Ham Fisher. He had come down to New York with his wife and baby and was making \$25 a week. I stopped to say 'hello' and he asked how I was going to get by out there. When I told him that I had two or three dollars he said, "Don't worry". So, for the next year, out of \$25 a week, with a wife and child, he sent me \$5 a week, which paid for my tuition. I worked, of course, for everything else I needed, but Alfred's act of generosity was hardly equaled by anybody. Incidentally, he put perhaps a half-dozen relatives, whom he'd never met, through college. He just sent them money because my mother, who had a rather large family, always wanted him to help others.

My mother was a very generous woman and there's a story I love to tell about her. After all us children had left and gotten married, she was living on Riverside Drive and 148th Street. Then after she died, thirty-one years ago, we went to her apartment and found all kinds of strange clothing in the bedrooms. Here's what had happened according to some mourning young men who were there at the house, and whom we'd never been aware of. After we all had left, my mother went out to Broadway, stopped two or three lost-looking young men, students of the rabbinate, dressed in black alpaca, and asked them if they needed a place to live. She had to have somebody to take care of, so she took them in and looked after them. And in her dresser drawers we found money which all of us kids had been sending her — but she had never cashed the checks!

Six or seven years ago, when Alfred suddenly became quite ill in England, he disappeared. Catherine, his wife, was to join him in England and when she called him one day, she couldn't reach him. He had been at the Savoy, and I spent one whole night trying to reach him, and finally found that he was at the London Clinic — a hospital there. He had had some kind of a stomach attack, had gone to the hospital and was too sick to

communicate. It so happens that I have eight or nine cousins in London — all of them doctors — whom I didn't know, but who knew Alfred. So as soon as we located him, first my sister flew over the next day to be with him, then my other brother, and finally Catherine and I went over — just to be close to him. And after it was all over — we're not a sentimental family — he wrote me a short note thanking me for coming over and saying that our mother had forged an enduring relationship. In other words, we did what my mother would have done — we just went over where the sick people were. So we've been very much influenced by my mother's sense of family and charity.

One little anecdote has to do with Alfred's meeting his future wife, Catherine Cameron. He was at the Designers Art School, and because we didn't have much money, my mother would make sandwiches for him to take to art school. We lived in Dorchester, and he went by train and trolley — about a 40-minute

ride to the heart of Boston. All of a sudden he began to ask for *two* chopped liver sandwiches, or *two* sliced eggs. My mother thought that was nice, because all Jewish mothers wanted their children to eat well and have appetites. Well, it turned out that Catherine Wingate Cameron had fallen in love with my mother's chopped liver, and so he was bringing an extra sandwich for her. She came from a small New England town, Amesbury, and on her mother's side was related to the Roosevelts. So there was this very odd combination of Russian Jews and New England aristocracy. Al is buried up there in Amesbury, as you know. About 40 years ago, he had bought a farm up there, a rambling, charming place with a stream going through the property, and a tennis court. I was enthusiastic when I saw the court and asked Al if there was anybody who played. He told me that Colin Cameron, a fine looking man and Catherine's father, did. I said, "Oh my God, but he's 60!" But now, in 1980, I'm considerably older than that, and I still



play. But then I thought, "How can you play tennis at that age?"

Al, incidentally loathed anything rural or bucolic — the sound of crickets or the mooing of cows, but the children loved it up there so he spent forty years hating it!

You've described him as a genius in the field of cartooning and have asked for my thoughts on what made him a success. Even as a kid he was so far ahead of all the other children, and he was almost unerring in his judgment about things and people, then, and even up to the time he died. He could talk to you, or anybody else, for a few minutes, and his perception of what you were was stunning! He wasn't *always* right but more often than anyone else, he *was*. He could see through persiflage and fakery, he was amazing with regard to people. Also his imagination was so vivid and his ability to improvise arfy situation was phenomenal.

Growing up we performed many humorous things. He would dramatize life to this extent that, in his early years, when he'd have people over to the house, he'd do a continuity. These were nice, suburban people but that alone didn't please him — he had to make a drama out of the situation. So he told them, on one occasion, that someone coming to join the group that particular evening was a brilliant, mad musician, who had just been released from a mental institution, and who was perfectly normal unless you hit a certain chord on the piano. At that point, HE'D KILL! (The musician, David, of course, was in on Al's scheme, and, by the way, he's now a well-known clarinetist.) He came with his 'doctor', another friend of ours, and the evening became a hell because David would walk over to the piano and run his hands over the keys as if he was going to hit a chord. Everybody thought, "Oh my God, if he hits that certain chord!" Al was his own great audience with the result that although the few of us who were in on the joke would keep a straight face, he would have to go into another room and *collapse* in laughter! Once, at another time, he had me up to his place near Kittery, Maine, and since just an ordinary evening wasn't enough for him, he introduced me as a person with a speech defect to a man who owned the local radio station. I was to try and talk the man into giving me an audition to be an announcer. This whole

thing was an Abner continuity — an example of these strange, marvelous situations he often set up. He would have been great in any creative field that he might have chosen — playwriting, novels, or short stories. A batch of short stories that he worked on during the last few years of his life have been discovered and some of them are enormously charming and reminiscent. He had the ability to get to the heart of any matter and then to manipulate reality into a marvelously intriguing fictional thing — this was his great talent.

And I should add a few words about his reading. As a boy he read omnivorously, he'd cut coupons out of magazines, and would send away for a set of G.B. Shaw, or Conrad, or Anthony Trollope, and then, of course, he was expected to pay for them. Well, Al always sent away for those, the books would arrive, and he'd read them. He read Shaw when he was 13, he read all of Conrad, he read Shakespeare, he read every leading writer of the day, but since we never could pay for the books, people would eventually arrive at our door with subpoenas and take the books back. He'd go down to Whitlock's, which was the great bookstore for Yale, and if he had a quarter, he'd come back with four or five books, or sometimes bound copies of old Harper's Bazaars — not the Harper's of today — but a fiction magazine which carried illustrations by Howard Pyle or stories by Conan Doyle. I wish I owned volumes like these today. I remember that, as a kid, he discovered Ford Madox Ford before anybody I knew ever read him, or knew the name. Al had enormously sophisticated tastes in literature, he read everything he could get his hands on, and knew what he was reading. And he admired certain artists — Phil May, for instance, and he loved Aubrey Beardsley's style.

Here's one other story: Alfred was 19 or 20, and he needed a car because locomotion was so difficult for him. So our father went out and bought a car for Al — he put a payment down on a 4-door touring car, an Oldsmobile. And since Al had no left leg, my father had rigged what, in a sense is today 'automatic drive'. You could depress the clutch with your hand — a pretty damn makeshift affair made out of wires, a pretty chancy

thing. Al was ecstatic about the car, he took some lessons, and then got to the point of getting ready to make his first solo trip, around the block, with his automatic, phony transmission. Well, he started the car and forgot how to stop it, so he went on to Worcester, Massachusetts, where my brother, Bence, was going to Clark University. He finally discovered how to stop the car, he visited my brother at school, and my brother drove him back to Boston. Now he became confident, so he, Bence and I got in the car one day to drive down and get a license — it not occurring to anyone that none of us had a driver's license. So Al gets in the car, with my brother and me with him, we go down our street into the main drag, at which point Al instantly turned into the traffic and rams a car which was driven by an off-duty cop! That was the end of his driving for many, many years. The car was wrecked, we hadn't even paid for it, he was driving without a license! To top it all off, it was Thanksgiving Day and the place was closed anyway!

I might add a few words about Al's artificial leg: My father found he could afford a leg which was like \$150, which was an awful lot of money then, and inside of a year that leg was too short. He never learned to walk because the leg was always too short. When World War II came along, he volunteered to go to hospitals to encourage paraplegics, but he walked so badly that the doctors said to themselves, "My God, these guys will blow their brains out if they think they're going to walk the way he does!" So they hired an outstanding teacher for the use of artificial limbs (he himself wore one) to teach Al how to walk. And throughout the war Al walked quite well, but it was so painful that as soon as the war was over, he went back to his old way which was more comfortable. You needed to change your leg as you grew up, and he should have had as many as eight legs between the time of the accident and the point where he stopped growing, but maybe he had two legs in all those years, because we couldn't afford it. Getting a new leg for him, or getting the old one repaired meant a family excursion in the car to Hartford, Connecticut to the shop of an old leg-maker. We wondered if he couldn't extend the knee to give him a little more room but that never worked. But he learned to live with it. ●

BIL KEANE



Bil Keane, creator of "THE FAMILY CIRCUS", was a recent guest on The Larry King Show, network radio's only coast to coast talk program. It is heard every week night from Washington, D.C. on the Mutual Broadcasting System, midnight to 4 A.M. eastern time. Its nightly audience numbers between six and ten million. The following is an edited transcript of Larry's interview with Bil and some of the telephoned questions and responses.

KING: We have an outstanding guest tonight. He's Bil Keane, one of America's foremost cartoonists. He draws the top rated panel in the country called "Family Circus". It is now over 20 years old, read by 50 million people every day in over 700 newspapers. We welcome to our microphones an extraordinary guy. We had dinner earlier this evening at a very famous restaurant here in Washington, The Palm, where many famous cartoonists have drawn cartoons on the walls and Bil Keane did one tonight that depicted this program. It's a great pleasure to welcome from Phoenix, Arizona, Bil Keane.

KEANE: Larry, it's more than a thrill to be here. It's a damn inconvenience.

KING: Is cartooning accepted as an American art form??

KEANE: It wasn't until a few years ago when we started our own museum, The Museum of Cartoon Art in Port Chester, N.Y. People thought cartoons were just something done for laughs—a throw-away thing. But today the original art, after the reproductions have been made for newspapers and magazines, the original art is becoming more and more valuable . . . People are paying good money to get these originals to frame and hang. So it has become a respected form of American art.

KING: What type of kid becomes a cartoonist?

KEANE: The average embryo cartoonist is a serious minded child who enjoys the notoriety he gets from drawing. I know that was true with me when I was a kid. I revelled in the accolades I received from doing a drawing of the teacher.

KING: But you didn't want to be Rembrandt?

KEANE: No, serious painting never appealed to me then. Although now I like to do an occasional water color painting, sketching from life, and I enjoy it.

KING: But, can we say what type of kid wants to be Rembrandt and what type of kid wants to be Bil Keane?

KEANE: Well, I pity the kid who wants to be Bil Keane. I taught myself to draw by imitating the cartoonists whose work I admired.

KING: You didn't want to sit down and draw a pear on a dish or a nude model?

KEANE: No, that was boring to me. My



Larry King

thing was to draw something that told a story.

KING: Bil, How did "The Family Circus" begin?

KEANE: In 1959 we moved from Philadelphia to Arizona and rather than working in a newspaper office as I had done before, I did all my work at home with our five kids underfoot. I was doing "Channel Chuckles" and selling free lance cartoons to the magazines. I sold to The Saturday Evening Post, This Week Magazine, Look, Colliers . . . all the magazines that have folded are the ones I was selling to. Most of the stuff I was selling had to do with family and little children, so I decided to try a second syndicated feature dealing with these subjects.

KING: The thing that every successful cartoonist has is consistency. Do you work at being consistent? Hitting the mark every day?

KEANE: Sure. You have to work at it. I try hard to be innovative.

KING: After 20 years, is there always new material?

KEANE: Absolutely. I have ideas jotted down on little 3 x 5 slips of paper as the kids were growing. Enough for maybe another 50 years.

KING: How did The Family Circus get on television?

KEANE: I was approached by the producer, Ed Cullen, of Cullen-Kasdan Productions, and was asked if there would be any interest in using my cartoon characters in an animated TV special. I said certainly, if it could be done right. So he put together the package with my help, approached NBC and they liked the idea. We then went into production on the Valentine special. It got good ratings and we did a Christmas special. Next, we're planning an Easter show.

KING: Do your characters seem real to you? Do they come to life for you?

KEANE: They do. I dream of my cartoon characters just as you'd dream



"Aw, Mommy — Popeye can't eat spinach.
He's just a cartoon."

of your own children. I even dream of them separately from our real life children who they are based on.

KING: We're going to go to our phone calls for Bil Keane right now. All the lines are lit up, so if you're calling in please be patient. Here we go to Philadelphia. Hello.

CALLER: Mr. Keane, I've been interested in cartooning for a long time and would like to know how to get started in the cartoon profession

KEANE: I'll tell you how I started. I took some cartoons to the Philadelphia Bulletin and tried to get a job at the newspaper. Now, I didn't get a job in the art department right away, but I did get a job as a messenger. I was satisfied with any kind of a job where I could just work on the paper and get next to the artists. There are several different phases of cartooning and one of them is animation. I feel that animation is one of the fields that offers tremendous opportunity in cartooning. There are several schools that offer courses in animation. One of these is the California Institute of the Arts. My son Glen attended there and he's now an Animator-Director for Disney productions in Hollywood.

CALLER (from St. Charles, Illinois): I enjoy your work very much, Mr. Keane, and was wondering if, when you began



"Can't wait till I'm grown up and I can do
anything I want and not have anything
to worry about."

drawing, you had someone who was a major influence on you.

KEANE: I had a different cartoonist idol every month . . . a lot of the New Yorker cartoonists were my heroes such as George Price and Peter Arno. George Lichty who drew "Grin and Bear It" was an idol of mine. I used to like Al Capp. I think one of the best ways to develop as a cartoonist is to imitate the artists you like until you can draw close to their style. Eventually your own thing will emerge.

CALLER (from Endicott, N.Y.): Bil, what is number one in importance in getting the gag across in a cartoon?

KEANE: As a general rule, the most important thing is clarity. When a reader looks at the cartoon he has to be able to see the idea immediately or you'll lose him. I figure you have about 8 seconds to get the gag across.

CALLER: You mentioned that after one year was the critical period for a comic strip. You also find that long running features go into a decline. I'm thinking of "Brenda Starr" and "Steve Canyon" . . .

KEANE: It's not that THEY have declined, it's their readership that has been eaten into by TV. It's happened with a number of the story strips. However, they still have an avid readership and many people still love

them.

CALLER: Are there any new comic strips coming up that we may not be aware of? Is there a hot young cartoonist around that the veterans may be taking a close look at?

KEANE: There's a new young cartoonist named Kevin Fagan. He draws "Drabble". The artwork isn't all that great, but he has a very fresh sense of humor. While it might not compare to some of the brilliant work appearing on the comic pages today, Fagan is in his early 20's and has the earmarks of a winner.

CALLER: As you stated in your interview I know you seek to entertain and warm people's hearts. Is there a philosophy behind your work, and if so, what is that philosophy?

KEANE: Basically, I set out to entertain. However, if there is a philosophy it is to show that a home where little children have love for one another, and their parents for them, is the happiest place in the world.

CALLER (from Hendron, Minn.): I was wondering, when you send a strip into a syndicate for consideration, is it best to send in your original artwork, or should you make copies and send them to more than one syndicate at once?

KEANE: It's by far best to have



A Bil Keane sketch of his appearance on the Larry King show.

photoprints made of the strips reduced to the size that they would appear in a newspaper. This way you are not in danger of losing the original art in the mail or at the syndicate and it does give you the opportunity to send it to more than one syndicate simultaneously.

CALLER: Do you ever start on an idea and have trouble finishing it?

KEANE: Occasionally I'll start drawing a "Family Circus" panel and it just doesn't jell — doesn't quite develop as it should — so I just discard it and go on to something else.

CALLER (from Washington, D.C.): Several times during the year, especially on Father's Day, you have the Sunday page as drawn by 7 year old Billy. How do you arrange this?

KEANE: Actually, I draw it myself and it's one of the hardest pages to draw. It's difficult to draw like a child. Each time I do one of those pages I get a good bit of mail commenting on it. Billy gets mail, too. People write in and say "Good job! Keep up the good work, Billy, and someday you'll be as good as your father."

CALLER: One other question. When you decided to give the father glasses, why did you take away his eyes?

KEANE: When you draw glasses and

put two dots in the middle of them for eyes, the character looks surprised all the time. I don't want him to look surprised, I'd rather have him look uncommitted. However, when we animate the character on television, we do put eyes in because without them it looks like he's wearing opaque glasses or has no eyes at all.

CALLER (from Minneapolis, Minn.): Can you give me some kind of an idea of your daily schedule?

KEANE: I sit at the drawing board about 6 hours a day, 5 or 6 days a week, creating the ideas, doing the actual drawing in pencil — I have an assistant, Bud Warner, a fine artist, who does most of the inking on my cartoons. I spend a day a week just answering letters. It's a happy schedule entirely of my own making. As I said before I'm fortunate to be paid to do what I like to do best.

CALLER (from Winston-Salem, N.C.): When a cartoonist is syndicated, who winds up owning the strip and the characters?

KEANE: It's a sore point with me, but the syndicate takes the title rights to any feature that a cartoonist creates. They copyright the feature in their own name and hold all the rights to the feature. It's an unfair thing that all syndicates do, but it is a fact of life and something we

have to live with at least for the time being.

CALLER: Can they take the strip away from you?

KEANE: They can. There are certain loopholes in the contract whereby they can assume full title to the strip through any kind of default on my part, such as failure to deliver the material on time or any number of other reasons. They could then take the feature, have somebody else draw it, and I would be cut out without a cent.

KING: Okay, this will be our last call... Boynton Beach, Fla.

CALLER: Bil, in your opinion, in the last couple decades who do you think was or is the most popular cartoonist in the United States?

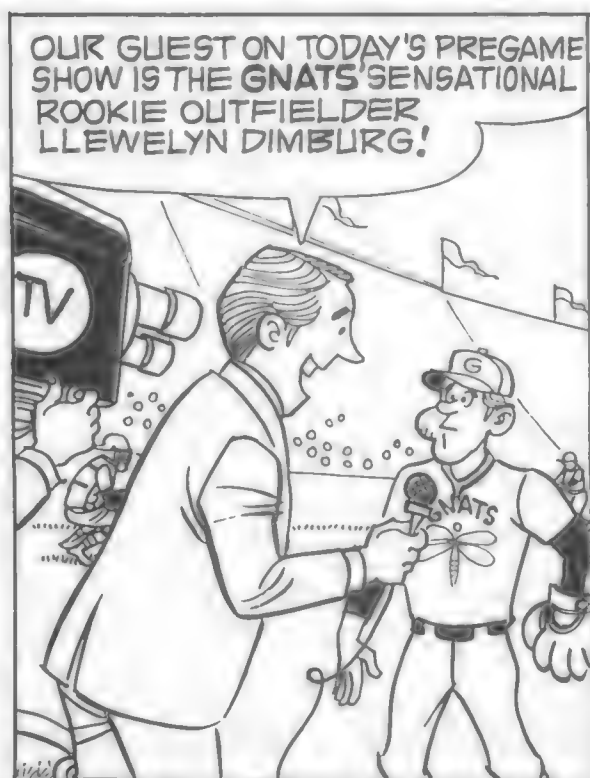
KEANE: There have been a number of cartoonists who have phenomenal success in comic strips and editorial cartoons and it is hard to pin down any one artist, but in my opinion, Charles Schulz is the best known and most popular cartoonist in the world today.

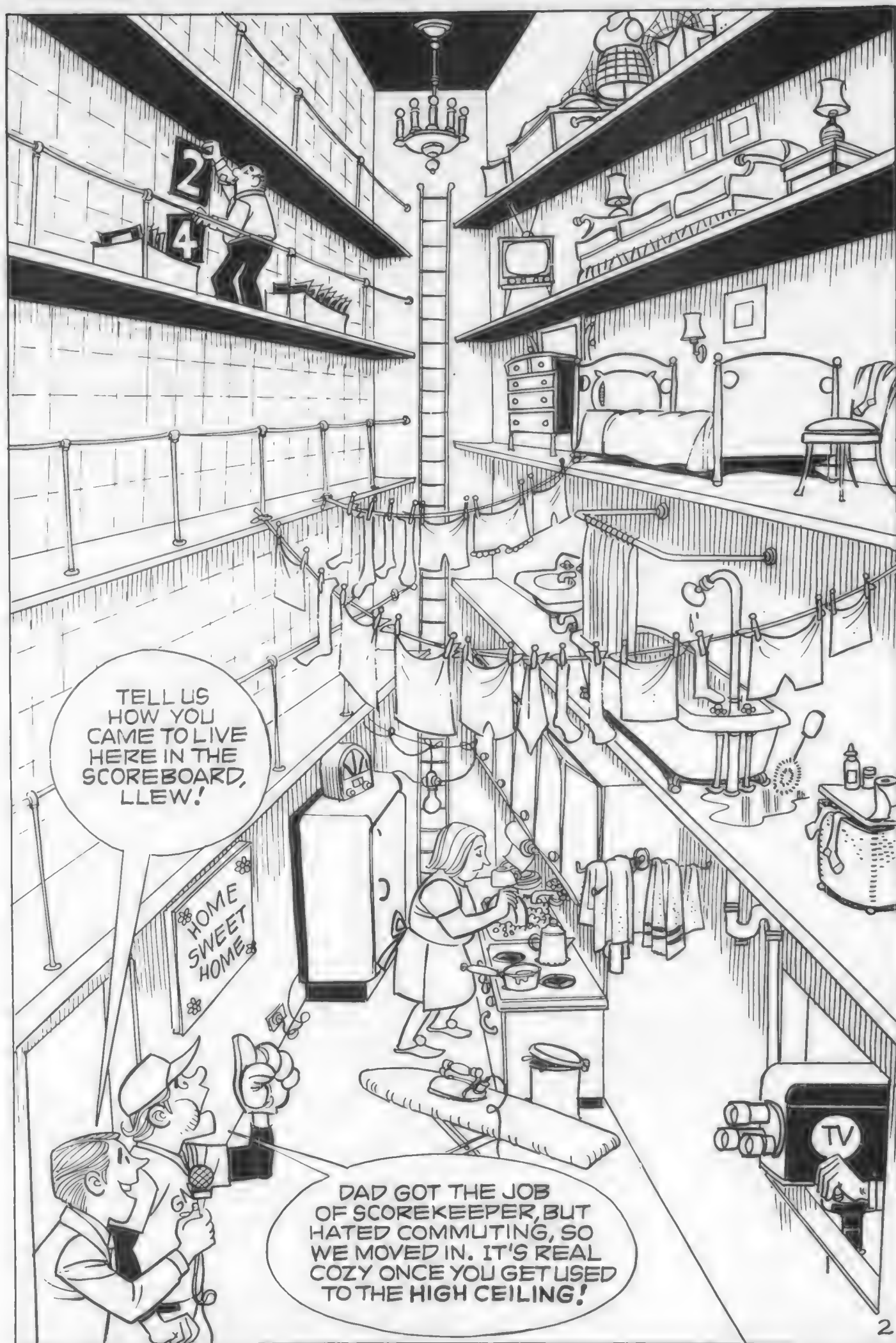
KING: Bil, I thank you for a most fascinating 3 hours, I thank Pat Murphy, the Editor of the Arizona Republic, for arranging this and making it possible. I hope we'll be able to do it again.

KEANE: It's been a pleasure, Larry. I'll see you in the funny papers. ●

I can count the Friends of Whimsey on my funnybone; Al Jaffee, Tony Di Preta, Jud Hurd, and myself. Hopefully, there are others.

Jerry De Fuccio



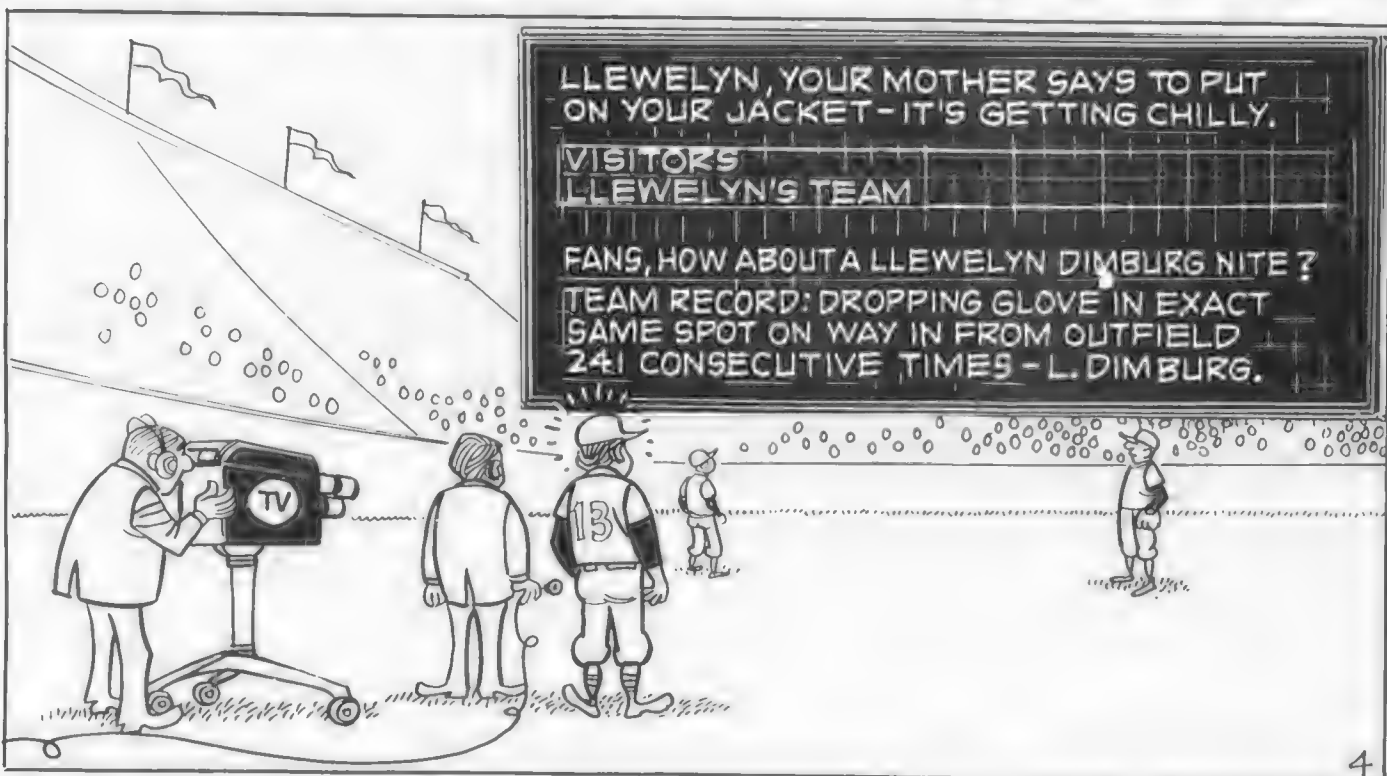
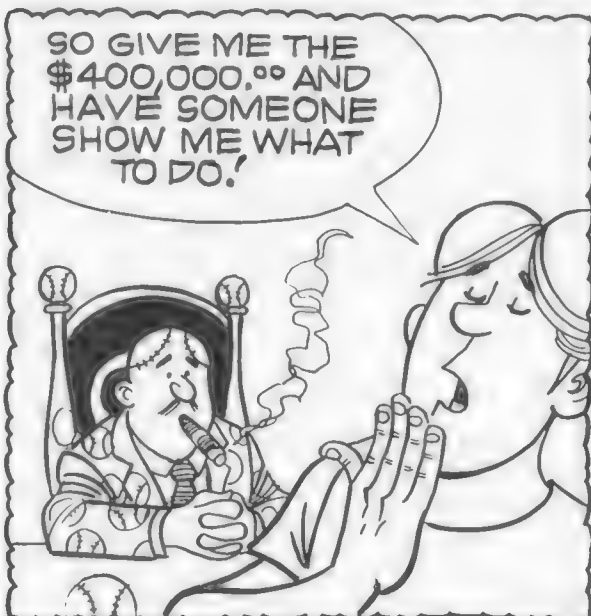


TELL US
HOW YOU
CAME TO LIVE
HERE IN THE
SCOREBOARD,
LLEW!

HOME
SWEET
HOME

DAD GOT THE JOB
OF SCOREKEEPER, BUT
HATED COMMUTING, SO
WE MOVED IN. IT'S REAL
COZY ONCE YOU GET USED
TO THE HIGH CEILING!





HARRY LOVE talks about HANNA-BARBERA



Harry Love, a producer at Hanna-Barbera Productions, and Director of their Animation College when it's in session, from time to time writes for CARTOONIST PROfiles. Here he talks about some of Hanna-Barbera's accomplishments over the years.

This animation stressed plot and ignored the time-consuming and expensive detail that would not be visible on the dimly lit video screen.

Hanna-Barbera's first TV effort was "Ruff and Reddy," a series that featured the antics of Ruff, a quick-thinking cat, and his pal Reddy, a dim-witted, lovable dog. The show debuted in 1957 for Saturday mornings on NBC-TV and enjoyed a three-year run.

The following season, "Huckleberry Hound," the first half-hour TV series consisting entirely of animation without a host to bridge the show, became an immediate success. Huckleberry, a noble-hearted canine with the look of a bloodhound, won a number of honors which testified to the creativity and imagination of its creators.

The television industry topped Huck's honors in 1960 by awarding the "Huckleberry Hound" series an Emmy for "outstanding achievement in the field of children's programming."

Encouraged by the success of Huck, sponsors began to ask Hanna and Barbera to produce a series for prime-time viewing. Hanna-Barbera's answer was "The Flintstones." The top-rated series bowed in September, 1960 on ABC-TV and enjoyed a six-year run.

In a medium of static entertainment, "The Flintstones" was applauded by both critics and viewers. The TV editors of the United States voted the series the "most unique new program" in Fame's Annual Critics' Poll. For TV's Golden Dozen Award, TV Radio Mirror saluted "The Flintstones" as television's most original new series. The Hollywood Foreign Press Association presented its Golden Globe Award to Messrs. Hanna and Barbera for "outstanding achievement in international television in cartoons." These awards are but a few won

by the celebrated series. Proof of its continuing popularity was demonstrated when NBC-TV purchased 56 episodes of "The Flintstones" for additional network airing in 1967.

The series became the format for a second Stone Age comedy in 1972 when the studio produced an updated version in which the children of the original program became characters for the "Pebbles and Bamm Bamm Show."

Meanwhile, as "The Flintstones" was capturing every award in TV land, a timid woodland creature in a supporting role on "Huckleberry Hound" became so popular that Hanna-Barbera upped Yogi Bear to star status and gave him his own series in January, 1961.

Yogi's popularity grew so quickly that he was nominated to run for president of the United States. A national campaign placed Yogi on the same level as some of America's more famous men. Yogi became a write-in candidate in many areas. In 1973, Yogi was written into another popular show called "Yogi's Gang." The series featured many of the top H-B characters solving ecological problems and demonstrating pro-social activities for children.

Yogi was followed in fast succession by "Top Cat" and "The Jetsons" in 1961 and 1962, respectively. By 1974, Hanna-Barbera had produced more than 100 half-hour TV series and in excess of 20 TV specials.

New favorites of Hanna-Barbera in the 1970s include a chicken-hearted canine named Scooby Doo, who is so popular networks compete for telecast of his comedy-mystery series. Scooby began his career on CBS-TV in 1971. He completed it in 1976 and began a new four-year association with ABC-TV, making his program the longest running cartoon on network television. "The Flintstones" previously held this record with its six-year continuing telecast through the 1960s on ABC-TV.

The company has won Emmy Awards in 1958, 1973 and 1974 for specials, including "The Last of the Curlews" and "The Runaways." "The Gathering" is the most current.

Among Hanna-Barbera's other Emmy Award-winning shows is "Jack and the Beanstalk." This hour-long special combined live-action performances with animation. Gene Kelly, who starred in the production, danced around beanstalks with an animated princess originally filmed separately from Kelly's hoofing and combined for a new effect in entertainment. This production marked the first time that combined live action and animation was created for

Hanna-Barbera Productions' transition from the world's largest producer of animated entertainment to a respected maker of live-action films occurred the evening when the Television Academy presented Joseph Barbera with an Emmy for "The Gathering," the 1978 winner of Best Drama or Comedy Special.

Barbera, the firm's executive producer, remarked: "Twenty years ago we picked up an Emmy for Huckleberry Hound. We've come a long way, since."

Animation production remains an important part of the studio's profit picture. But live action movies and specials are now an integral part of overall studio production.

Hanna-Barbera was acquired by Taft Broadcasting Company, of Cincinnati, in December, 1966. Founders William Hanna and Barbera continue to direct their studio's operations. Barbera is president, with Hanna as senior vice president.

Prior to incorporating Hanna-Barbera, the partners created and produced the seven-time Academy Award "Tom and Jerry" theatricals for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

When the soaring costs of theatrical animation forced the closing of most cartoon-producing studios in Hollywood, Hanna and Barbera developed a less expensive product for television.



Dino, Fred Flintstone with Pebbles, Wilma Flintstone, Huckleberry Hound and Yogi Bear get their instructions from William Hanna (seated) and Joe Barbera.

television. "The New Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," a half-hour TV series, employed the same technique. It was the first TV series of its type as well as being Hanna-Barbera's first live-action/animated series slated for prime-time airing.

More than 500 million people watch one or more of its series in more than 80 countries. Fan letters arrive even from behind the Iron Curtain requesting photos of such characters as Fred Flintstone and Yogi Bear. In the United States, Hanna-Barbera's cartoons are

champions of the Saturday morning time slot on the three national networks. There is not one hour out of every 24 that a Hanna-Barbera cartoon is not entertaining some segment of the world's population.

At Hanna-Barbera's two-and-one-half acre complex, more than 800 employees including animators, layout men, painters, inkers, directors, designers, writers, cameramen and voice actors, among others, are continuously busy in creating animated series for audiences all over the world.

In addition to its entertainment production, Hanna-Barbera also is engaged in producing commercial films for advertising agencies and their clients; industrial films for business and industry; educational films for major publishing firms and film distributors.

Merchandising is another important area for the company. Consumer products carrying the likenesses of such diverse Hanna-Barbera characters as Huckleberry Hound or Yogi Bear have mushroomed into the largest merchandising operation of its kind in the world.

More than 1,500 licensed manufacturers turn out some 4,500 different products ranging from Flintstones window shades to Banana Splits bubble bath.

Walk-around costumes of its characters, such as Scooby Doo, Fred and Yogi, are involved in retail promotions and appear in traveling shows, such as the Ice Capades. Hanna-Barbera's parent, Taft, is involved in amusement parks in which all the top cartoon characters appear in costume and are built into themed rides and shows. Kings Island, Kings Dominion, Carowinds and Marineland are in the Taft family of parks. More are in the planning stages.

In addition to its many fine family-oriented cartoon series, Hanna-Barbera makes animated and live-action motion pictures for theatrical release. These include a musical animated version of E.B. White's "Charlotte's Web." Another, "Heidi's Song," with music by Sammy Cahn and Burton Lane, will soon be released. A series of live movies are in various stages of development, with releases expected in theatres.

During July, 1967, on the tenth anniversary of the incorporation of Hanna-Barbera Productions, three levels of government saluted Messrs. Hanna and Barbera for their cartoon contributions to national and international entertainment.

California's then senior Senator Thomas H. Kuchel delivered a most laudatory speech on the floor of the United State Senate and Los Angeles County Supervisor Ernest E. Debs and Los Angeles City Councilman James R. Potter honored the two producers with official proclamations.

Senator Kuchel said, in part, "It is a privilege to congratulate this organization, its founders, and all engaged in its operations for efforts which have delighted not only children, but also their elders who find occasional exposure to fantasy a refreshing release from tension."

Mr. Debs thus concluded his citation: "Now be it therefore resolved that William Hanna and Joseph Barbera be commended for the magnificent contribution to the international arena of entertainment, to the economy of Southern California and to the established reputation of Los Angeles as the entertainment capital of the world."



1957. Hanna-Barbera's first TV cartoon characters. Ruff (left) and Reddy.

Mr. Potter stated in part, "Whereas, Messrs. Hanna and Barbera have demonstrated their ability to create in ten short years an extraordinary and unique entertainment entity, pointing up once again the fact that the frontiers of opportunity still exist in this country and that the American dream is still indeed a valid one."

The popularity around the globe of such series as "The Flintstones" and "Yogi Bear" have given the United States a new breed of ambassadors to some 80 nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Cartoons have never spoken to so many in such a vast diversity of languages. Undoubtedly, it is the first time

that animated entertainment, whether for TV or theatrical release, has been dubbed so extensively for the foreign market.

And from the cards and letters arriving at Hanna-Barbera Studios, the talking dogs, bears, ducks and super sleuths born from the ink pots are just as popular out of the United States as they are on American television.

What all of this means to Messrs. Hanna and Barbera is that good clean humor constitutes an international language. If cartoons honestly continue to project warmth and entertain while gently spoofing basic situations, they will continue to be as understandable in Moscow as they are in Hollywood. ●

HENRY BOLTINOFF

The well known cartoonist, HENRY BOLTINOFF, is a firm believer in the idea that a young person who aspires to the art field should first learn to draw, and then should let eventual career direction come naturally, rather than deciding at the beginning of his or her schooling exactly what specialty to pursue. In the following conversation you can see how Henry has followed his own advice, since he didn't set out to be a cartoonist at the beginning.

Q: I know that you drew cartoons at George Washington High School in New York City, and that there you met George Wolfe and the late Ben Roth, both of whom went on to become well-known cartoonists. But when you left high school you had no idea that you'd eventually go into our field, did you?

A: That's right. After high school I attended The Art Students League in New York and The National Academy of Design, where we covered all the

usual fine arts subjects such as life drawing, and so on. And, as I think you're going to mention in your introduction, I'm a firm believer in a young person learning how to draw first of all, and in letting his or her decision as to what branch of art to go into, come naturally later on.

Q: What happened after you finished art school, Henry?

A: My brother, Murray, was the assistant drama editor at The New York



STOKER THE BROKER



"I'M NOT ASKING FOR MONEY.
ALL I NEED IS A CO-SIGNER."



"HIM AND HIS STOCK TIPS.
I'D RATHER HE LEFT HIS
TIP IN **CASH**."



"LET ME MENTION STOCKS JUST
ONE TIME, SO I CAN WRITE
OFF THIS GOLF DATE AS A "
BUSINESS EXPENSE."

American, so I got the opportunity to do portraits for their theatrical pages, and I continued to do these for a number of years. If you want to, you can include a couple of these old portraits, one of Bob Hope and the other involving Will Rogers, along with our conversation. There were a lot of fringe benefits which went along with this job — I got to know all the press agents on Broadway, got up-close seats for all the shows, dates, etc.

After a number of years The American folded and it was then I had to make my first career switch. George Wolfe and Ben Roth, my high school buddies, had a studio together at this time and were deep into the magazine cartoon field, so I went to see them. They started me doing cartoons and I started to make the weekly rounds to The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, and to the other magazines which were very much in business in those days. The Post used 25

cartoons a week, as did Collier's, and 'This Week', 'American Magazine', 'Look', The Ladies Home Journal, 'The Woman's Home Companion' and others were very active. With the result that you could make money in this one specialty in those days.

Q: Readers are aware that there are many different methods of coming up with magazine gag ideas. What's one method you've used?

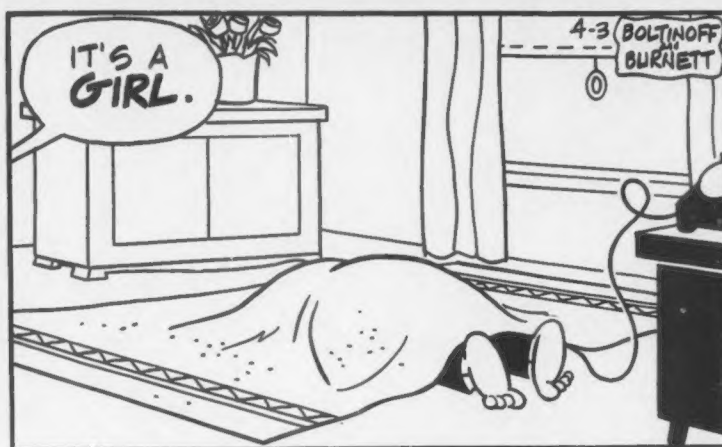
A: I used to sit down with a couple of



Nubbin

®

by Boltinoff and Burnett



Lariar's 'Best Cartoons of 19--'. Maybe I'd see a cartoon with an office scene and a secretary, and on the opposite page a cartoon showing a guy playing golf, and I'd mix the two scenes in my mind, and perhaps do an idea involving a guy in the office with his golf clubs. Perhaps still another cartoon in the book would trigger an acceptable gag for the office scene, and so on.

Then one day I got married and found that I needed to add a more regular source of income to pay for food, rent, and so on. This need took me up to National Comics where I knew the editor, Whitney Ellsworth fairly well. Fortunately, in those days, they used a lot of comic filler pages, and pretty soon I was doing 3 or 4 of these each week. I would do a batch of roughs for Whit and 9 out of 10 of them were O.K.'d for finishes. I did these filler pages for 31 years, along with magazine cartoons, until comic book publishers decided that they didn't need much humor among all the superhero stories.

Continuing my adapting to a new career direction, I was lucky enough to be asked by one of the comic book editors if I'd like to write for some of the teenage books — similar to the 'Archie' books —

which they were then publishing. I would figure out a theme, write a whole bunch of gags and then piece them together into a story such as 'A Date with Judy'. I found that one advantage in writing your own stuff is that you never write scenes calling for very complicated drawings.

Q: While you were doing the filler pages, and your magazine gag work, you started your 'Stoker the Broker' panel about 20 years ago. How did that come about, and did you know a lot about the market?

A: No, I knew nothing about the stock market. An editor at Columbia Features, Joe Boychuk, who had heard about me from one of the writers at National Comics, called and asked if I'd like to do a feature on the stock market. So I started to get The Times and The Wall Street Journal and began to read up on it. And I've done the gags myself ever since. When the 10-year contract with Columbia was up, I moved the feature to The Washington Star Syndicate, since I knew Harry Elmlark who was a hotshot salesman. At present the cartoon is handled by the McNaught Syndicate.

When I'm doing gags for 'Stoker the

Broker', I'll refer to clippings I've cut out of the Times Sunday Financial Section, or to various stock market terms and references that I've circled in different papers. At first I didn't even know what 'X-Dividend' meant, or what the various other brokerage expressions meant. But I learned. More or less the same gag-building method is involved here as in the case of magazine gag writing — associating a variety of terms in various humorous ways. A couple of days a week, I do just general business gags because there are some papers that don't carry much stock market information. That thought was suggested to me at the time I offered Stoker to a former editor of The NY Daily News. He said he liked the cartoon but mentioned that The News only ran one page of stock market news and there wasn't room for the feature.

They stopped the teenage books about 10 years ago and once again I got the opportunity to add another cartoon arrow to my quiver. Sylvan Byck, the famous former comics Editor at King Features, asked me if I'd like to draw the comic strip 'Nubbin', which Jim Burnett was writing, and which had been drawn by George Crenshaw. I said yes.





Q: What were some of the problems involved in your matching Crenshaw's style?

A: Crenshaw sent Byck a big folder full of clips of Nubbin, the little girl Twink, the mother and the father, and all the animals in the strip. Then I started using a light box and I traced the characters at first but it was hard going because George did a lot of shading. He loved polka dots — Nubbin had a polka dot shirt and the girl had a solid black skirt with big, white polka dots. Well, that takes time to do all that. And he had shading on the face and on the cheek, but bit by bit I began to simplify things. Sylvan wanted me to draw the strip the way Crenshaw did, because he said if you make a sudden change, editors may notice it, and it's best not to make waves. But within 6 months or a year I started doing my own style, which is much easier of course.

It appears in a respectable number of papers in the U.S. but it does even better overseas. King Features does licensing, of course, and in Japan, for instance, they have stationery, sweat shirts, T-

shirts, clothing, and so on, all bearing the likeness of Nubbin. I call myself 'The poor man's Charley Schulz'. Jim Burnett discovered, in a department store in Tokyo, that they cut various panels up, including the balloons in English, and they print these on writing pads. It doesn't seem to bother them that the words are in English.

Q: We might as well mention who the characters in the strip are.

A: Nubbin is a little farm boy, a plain, normal kid with a straw hat and bare feet and a patch on his pants. The little girl, Twink, is a character somewhat like Lucy in 'Peanuts' — she's always bossing him around. Then there's Nubbin's dog, Tater — a real mongrel type — and Twink's big French poodle, Pierre. There's the rooster, 'Reveille' and the hen, 'Eggness'. There's a goat, 'Gastric', and a mother and a father who don't appear too often because if they were in too regularly it would become just another family strip. There are two ducks, 'Flawless' and one called 'Tham' who lisps. Once I mentioned to Sylvan Byck that maybe we shouldn't have a

character with this speech defect. He replied that the strip had been running a long time, without protests, so I should keep the duck in.

Q: You use quite a few silhouettes in the strip, don't you?

A: During a week I always do two or three strips with silhouettes. I did that when I was doing comic book work too — I think doing that makes a nice picture.

Q: I understand you managed to get a cushion of strips ahead, didn't you?

A: Yes — it took me about a year. Instead of doing 6 Nubbin strips a week, I did 7 and put this extra one away. So now I have 8 weeks of finished strips wrapped up and addressed to the syndicate department at King. I showed my wife where the package is, and when our daughter came in from out of town, I told her, "If mother and I get killed in an auto accident or on an airplane, take the package down to the syndicate and you'll have 8 weeks of money coming in! It's like an extra insurance policy." ●



THE INVISIBLE MEDIUM

It's been there all along — in the Sunday Comics.

Local ads in full four color
With high visibility

In the most widely read part of the Sunday
paper

Easy to Prepare

Inexpensive to Use

Tremendously Successful

It works — just like magic!

Call or write for details:

Peter A. Vogt, Vice President In Charge of Sales

**The GREATER
BUFFALO PRESS Inc.**

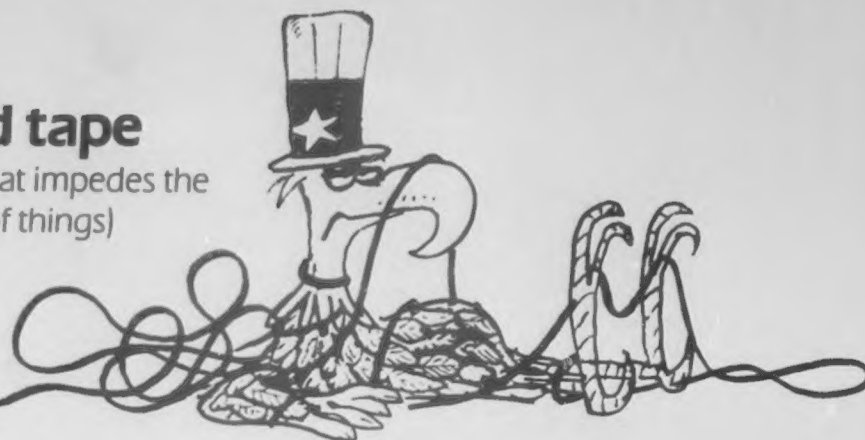
302 Grote St., Buffalo NY 14207

716 - 876-6410



This is red tape

(a sticky substance that impedes the natural order of things)



This is Goosemyer

(a bureaucratic bungler who couldn't function without it)

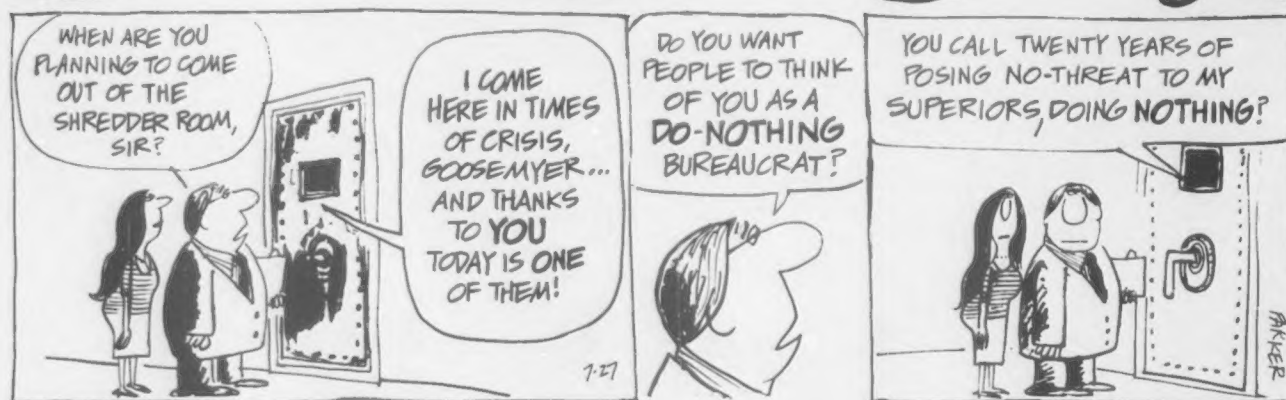


This is Don Wilder (author) and Brant Parker (artist)

Together they create political pandemonium on millions of comic pages daily and Sunday with the popular GOOSEMYER.

This is another winner from the Field Syndicate Team...

the people who bring you more than forty of the nation's favorite comics.



Field Newspaper Syndicate • 1703 Kaiser Avenue • Irvine, California 92714